

CHANDAMAMA

OCTOBER 1972

92 PAISE



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page 6

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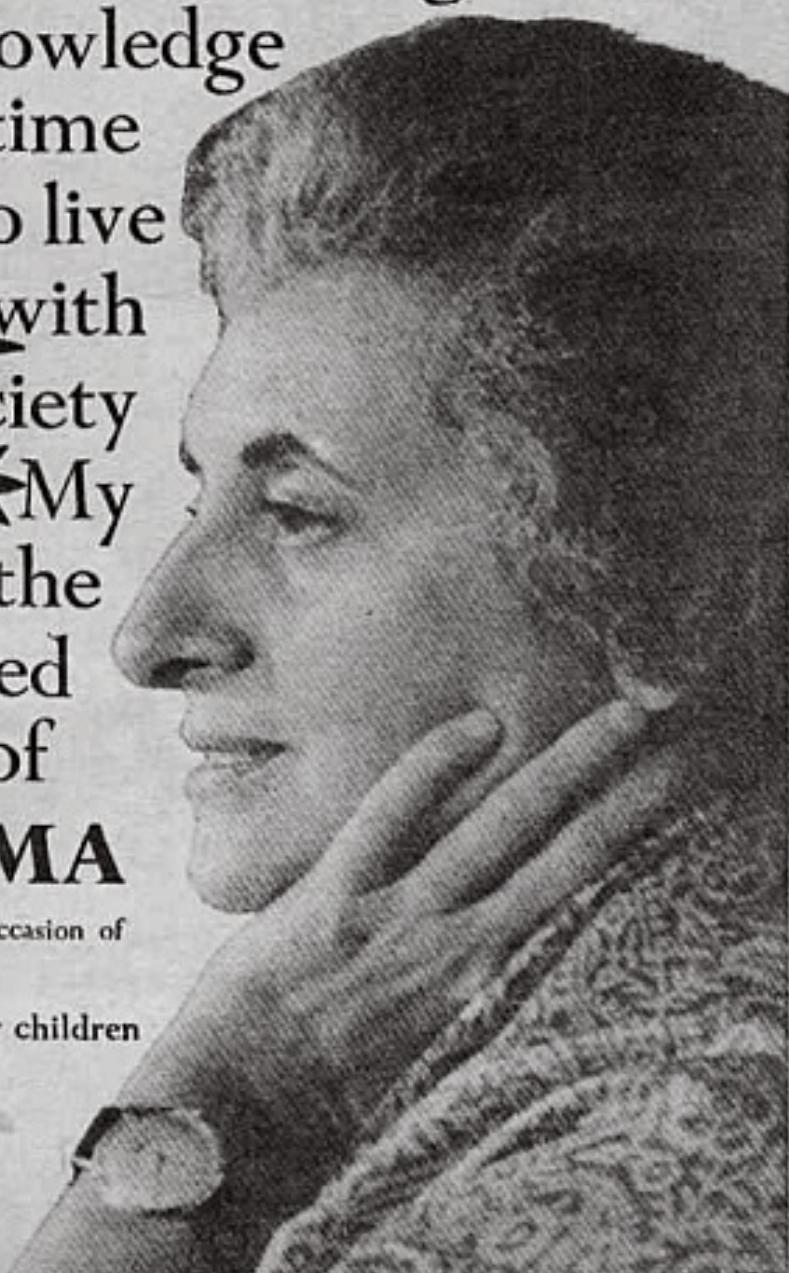
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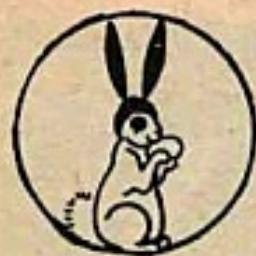
"Our children need books and journals which will awaken their minds to the marvels of creation, and the living universe of ideas. Publications for children must arouse imagination, create aesthetic awareness, encourage the desire for knowledge and at the same time teach them to live in harmony with their own society and the world. My good wishes for the continued success of CHANDAMAMA

A message from Smt. Indira Gandhi on the occasion of Silver Jubilee of CHANDAMAMA

CHANDAMAMA a monthly magazine for children where the old become younger and the young grow older.

CHANDAMAMA is published in 10 languages with over 4 lacs circulation.





CHANDAMAMA

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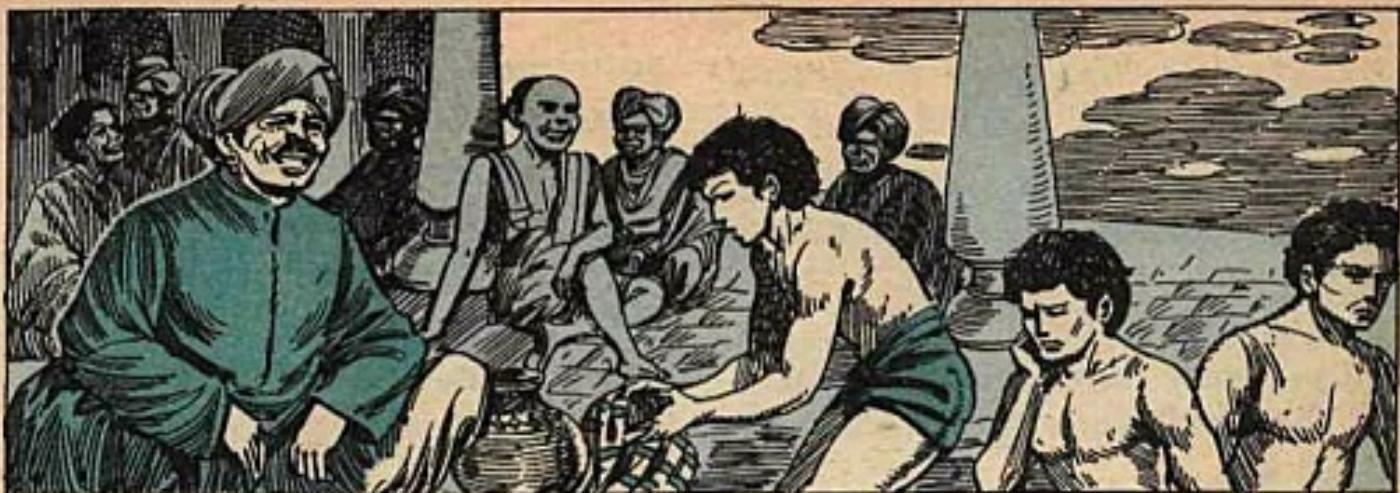
THE STORY OF THE COVER



PETER PAN

PETER PAN has been described as an enchanting fantasy of childhood, but this famous story by J. M. Barrie appeals to grown-ups as well. There can be few children who have not read of the adventures of Peter Pan and his Shadow, Tinker Bell, and the Darling children, Wendy, John and Michael who learned to fly with Peter and Tinker Bell. They meet the Lost Boys in Never Never Land and Capt. James Hook, the notorious pirate captain whom Peter Pan trips up into the sea. There, a crocodile eats and enjoys the Captain's hand so much that he wants more and haunts the Captain.

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Lounging outside the inn were three youths. They were the bane of the village. Work never appealed to them and they were quite happy to spend their time in one mischievous prank after another. Now their attention was centred on a very well dressed stranger, who had arrived at the inn, and the leader of the trio spoke their thoughts when he said. "Let's see if we can take this man's fine clothes from him."

The stranger seemed a jovial type and the three youths found no difficulty in striking up a conversation with the man. In time the talk led to unusual experiences each had encoun-

tered, and when the stranger started being critical at some of the stories, the leader of the youths had a bright idea. "Let each of us tell his most unusual experience", he said, "and if any one disbelieves the story, he must hand over his clothes to the story-teller."

The stranger with a twinkle in his eye, readily agreed to this peculiar wager.

Now the first youth told his story—"when I was a small child, I wandered into the garden and seeing an apple tree full of ripe fruit, I climbed up the tree into the topmost branches, and ate apple after apple. Soon I had eaten all the apples,

but I was too full to climb down the tree. So I had to run to the village carpenter to borrow a ladder so that I could get down."

When he had finished his story, the youth asked the others if they believed him. They all said yes.

Then the second youth told his story. "One morning I was walking in the forest and saw a rabbit scampering along. With thoughts of a good dinner I chased the rabbit into a thicket.

Crashing through the under-growth I suddenly found myself faced by a huge tiger, which gave an unearthly growl and

got ready to pounce. Then I remembered a fakir who had said that wild animals could be hypnotised. Immediately I started to hypnotise the tiger, but that beast had never heard of hypnotism, and with one bound, picked me up in its jaws and ate me up."

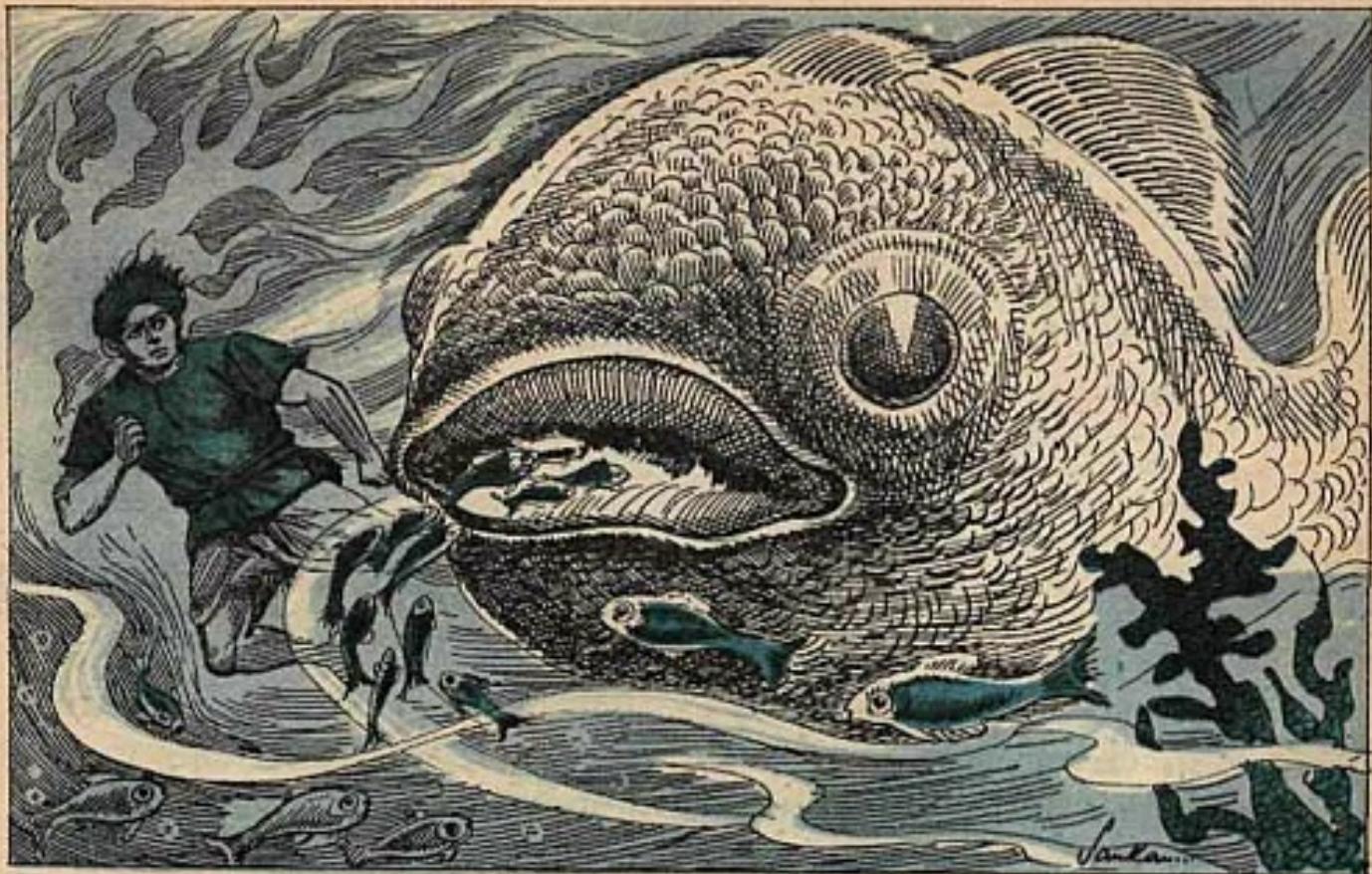
Having finished his story, the youth looked around to see if the stranger disbelieved him. But the stranger merely murmured. "That was very good."

It was now the turn of the third youth to tell his story "One morning I took my boat and went fishing, and although I fished for hour after hour, I caught nothing. Wondering why the fish were not biting, I dived into the water and at the bottom of the sea I saw a fish as big as a house, busy swallowing all the other fish. With one blow of my fist, I killed the monster and being very hungry I kindled a fire, cooked the fish and ate it, bones as well."

At the conclusion of this story, the stranger said, "Very unusual indeed. Now I will tell you my story."

"Years ago I planted a field with cotton. One plant grew to an enormous height. On this plant were just three pods





and they got bigger and bigger. One day, the three pods burst open, and each contained a youth. I was lucky, for the three youths could help on my farm. But late one night they ran away and ever since, I have been searching for them. Now I have found them. You are my three youths and I will take you back with me."

The three youths were now

in a fix. If they said they believed this story, then they would have to work for this glib tongued 'stranger. And if they expressed disbelief, then they would have to give him their clothing. With woebegone looks, the three youths took off their clothing and gave the garments to the stranger. Then took to their heels, much to the merriment of all the village.

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT
ENGLISH CHANDAMAMA**

The Leprechaun

Leprechauns come from Ireland and, according to Irish folklore, these little people who usually look like very old men, spend much of their time burying crocks of gold in the ground. If you are lucky enough to see a leprechaun, so the legends go, you can follow him and find out where he has hidden his crock of gold, but you must be careful not to take your eyes off him for one second, or he will disappear. Folklore also says that if you upset a leprechaun, you will find all sorts of mischievous and strange things happening to you. Here is the story of a young Irish lad who upset one of the Little People and regretted it for the rest of his life.

Once upon a time in Ireland, often called the Shamrock Isle,

there lived a young lad called Seamus O'Toole. Seamus (say it shaymus) was a hardworking, honest lad, but he had very little money and he often wished that a small sum of gold would come his way.

One day, as Seamus was on his way home to lunch, after a morning spent looking after a local farmer's cows, he thought he heard a strange tapping noise coming from the other side of a hedge.

"It sounds like wood peckers, or stonechats," said Seamus to himself, "yet woodpeckers don't usually sit in fields, because there are no trees to peck in fields and stonechats would have flown away by now, because Winter is approaching."

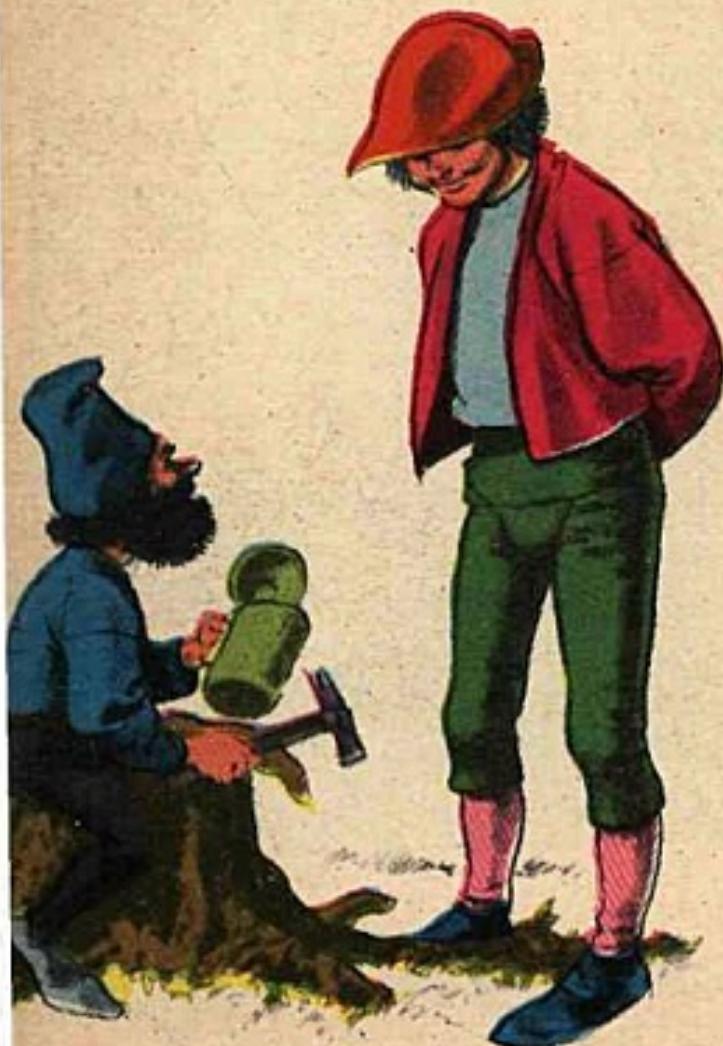
For a few moments Seamus was very puzzled by the tapping,



Seamus climbed over the stile and into the field as quietly as he could.

but in the end he let his curiosity get the better of him and creeping quietly up to the hedge he peeped over the top.

To his great surprise, Seamus saw that the tapping was caused by a little man. The little man was sitting on a tree stump, busily hammering nails into a pair of shoes he was making. Beside him was a jug and every so often he would stop work and take a drink from the jug.



Seamus at once recognised the little man as a leprechaun, one of the Little People. "If I'm very, very careful," said Seamus to himself, "I can make my fortune, for all leprechauns are supposed to have a pot of gold hidden somewhere, but I must be very careful not to take my eyes off him, for if I do, he'll disappear in a flash and never be found again."

Seamus crept along the hedge and came to an old stile. He climbed over and into the field as quietly as he could. Still keeping his eyes on the little man he crept nearer and nearer. The little leprechaun did not suspect a thing as he was far too busy hammering away at the new shoes.

Seamus had almost reached the little man and was about to make a grab for him when he suddenly stopped hammering and picked up the jug. Seamus decided to speak. "Tell me little man, what is in your jug?" he asked.

The leprechaun was so startled that he almost dropped the jug. "You should know better than to creep up on a poor unsuspecting man like myself. I nearly died of fright," said the little man. "But since you

ask, I have in this jug a special drink that I made myself from the heather that grows on the moor."

Seamus laughed out loud. "Surely you don't think that I am foolish enough to believe such a tale," he said.

"Take it or leave it. Believe me or not, it's all the same to me," said the little man, rather hurt at Seamus's outburst of laughter. "This is real heather ale. The Picts who lived here a long, long time ago used to make it, but the secret died with them and now it is only the Little People, like myself, who know how it is brewed."

Seamus opened his eyes in wonderment. "You must be as old as the hills yourself then, for all the Little Folk are and if that jug you're holding contains such a wonderful drink, perhaps you would let me take a sip from it."

"Young man," said the leprechaun in a severe voice, "have you nothing better to do than come bothering a hard-working man like myself? First, you creep up on me and scare me half out of my wits and now you are wasting my time by asking me for a drink. Don't you know that at this very



Suddenly, Seamus caught the little man by the collar of his coat.

moment that precious herd of cows you are supposed to be looking after has strayed into a cornfield? You will be sure of getting a good telling off."

Seamus was just about to turn round and rush back to his herd when he remembered that if he took his eyes off the little man, he would be sure to vanish. Suddenly, he made a quick grab and caught the leprechaun by the collar of his coat.

"If I can't take a drink of your precious heather ale, at



least you can show me where you have hidden your crock of gold," said Seamus, holding the little man so close to his face that their noses almost touched.

"Put me down. Put me down this instant," cried the leprechaun, dancing up and down in mid-air.

"Not until you show me where the gold is," replied Seamus.

"Oh, very well then," said the leprechaun, "no need to get so rough. Come with me and I will show you."

With Seamus still keeping a

tight grip on his shoulder, the little man led him across stream and bog, across hill after hill and dale after dale, until poor Seamus was almost fit to drop.

"How much farther have we to go?" he gasped as they reached the top of yet another hill.

"Not far now," replied the little man quite jauntily, for he was rather enjoying the walk. They crossed another stream and stopped in front of a large field, every inch of it covered with yellow ragwort flowers.

"Here we are," said the leprechaun. "This is where my pot

of gold is hidden."

"But I don't see it," said Seamus.

"Patience, my boy," said the leprechaun and he led Seamus into the field. Suddenly, he stopped and pointed to a yellow ragwort.

"That is where the gold is hidden, right underneath that plant," he said.

Seamus was very pleased, but the gold was not his until he had dug it up and he had forgotten to bring a spade with him. Turning to the leprechaun Seamus said, "I must go home for a spade to dig up the gold, but so that I won't forget where it is buried I am going to tie this piece of red ribbon around the ragwort. Promise me that you will not touch it, untie it, or move it away."

After a few moments thought the leprechaun promised not to touch the ribbon. Seamus set off back home as fast as he could go. He was very tired, but the thought of a fortune that was about to be his kept him going. With a spade over his shoulder he set off back to the field and reached it just as night was falling.

He went to the place where he thought he had left the leprechaun, but of course, the little man was nowhere to be seen. Then Seamus looked for the ragwort with the piece of red ribbon tied to it and as he looked, he let out a groan of despair. Every ragwort in the field had a piece of red ribbon tied to it, just like the piece of ribbon Seamus had tied to the ragwort which marked the spot where the gold was hidden.

Quickly, the greedy lad started to dig up the ground, but it was no use. However hard he dug he failed to unearth the pot of gold.

The field was all of forty acres large and Seamus knew that it would take him a lifetime to dig it all up. He had no choice but to turn back and trudge home, across stream and bog, hill after hill, dale after dale, vowing every step of the way that if he ever caught another leprechaun he would never let him go until the crock of gold was safely in his hands.

What long word has only one letter in it?

ANSWER

ENVELOPE.

THE MAGIC SADDLEBAG

Once, far away, in a city in the East, there lived a woman who had three sons. They were very poor and two of the brothers, Ali and Ahmed, were always grumbling about how little money they had, but the other brother, Judar, said little. Instead, he worked hard all day long as a fisherman and it was he who kept the family from starving.

Every day, Judar would take his net down to the river and cast it into the deep water. Then he would sell the fish that he caught in the market-place. However, one day he caught no fish at all. Again and again he threw his net into the river, but it always came up empty. That night, Judar went home very tired, with no money and no food. He and his mother and his two brothers went to bed hungry and instead of being

grateful for what Judar did for them, his two brothers grumbled loudly because he had brought no food.

The next day it was the same, so Judar pulled in his empty net and decided to go and try his luck in the big Lake Karoon, on the outskirts of the city. None of the fishermen ever went there, for it was supposed to be a magic lake and they were afraid of it.

Judar set out and when he reached the magic lake he saw a richly dressed stranger astride an ass. "Welcome, Judar," called the stranger. "You are just the man to help me. I am glad you have come."

Judar was surprised at this greeting, but not at all afraid. "Tell me how I can help you," he replied politely.

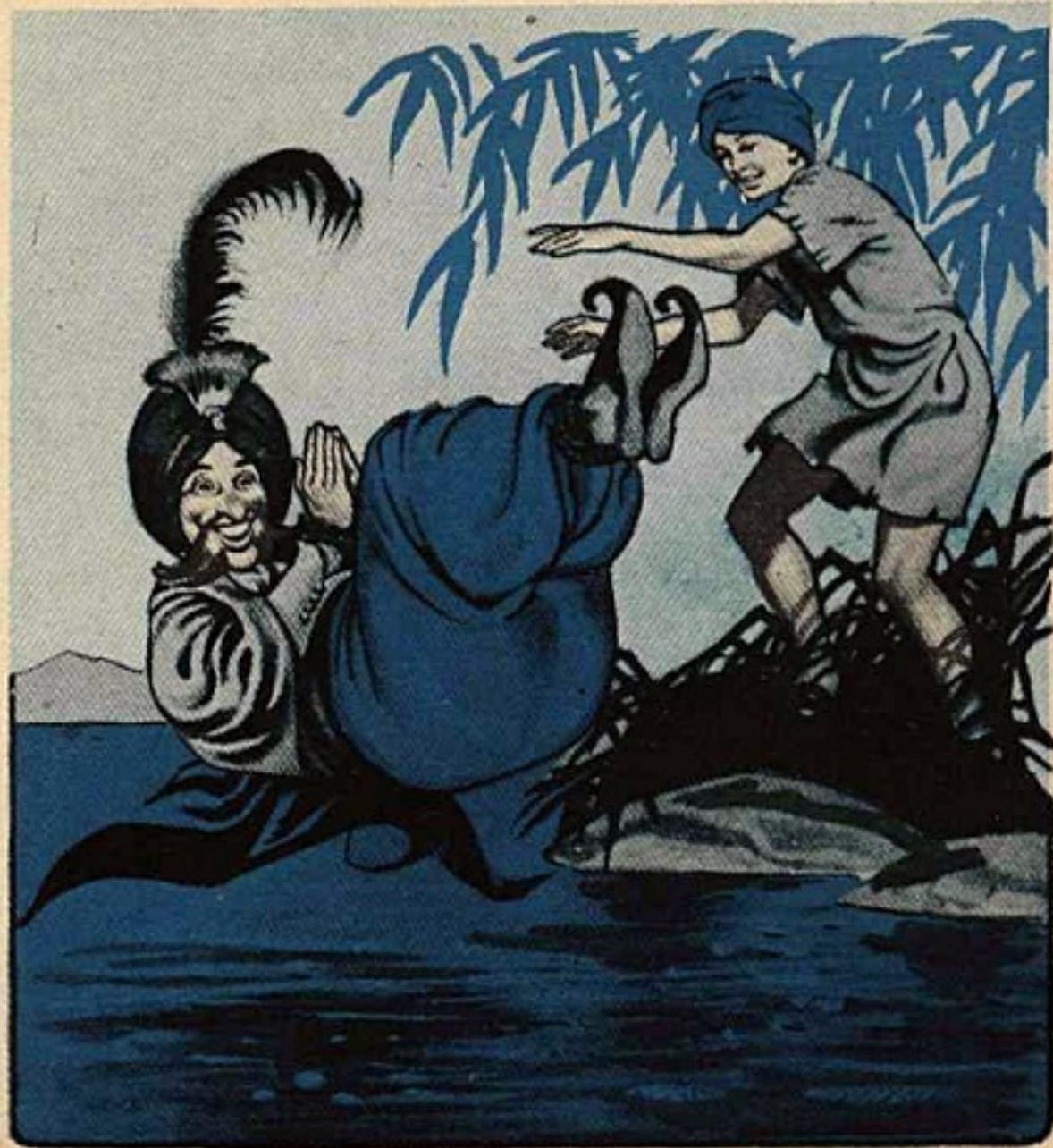
"First tie my hands and feet and then throw me as far as

you can into the middle of the lake," replied the stranger. "I shall sink below the surface, but do not worry, I shall come up again and when you see my head rise above the water, throw your net out and draw me in".

Judar was a strong young man, so when he had tied the stranger's hands and feet, he hurled him with all his might into the middle of the lake.

He waited anxiously on the bank and after some time, the stranger's head appeared above the surface. "Pull me in, Judar," he called.

Judar cast his net out into the lake until it covered the floating stranger. Then he hauled him in and untied him. As the man stepped out of the net, Judar saw that he held an old wooden casket in each hand



"Now," said Judar "Tell me who you are and how it is that you knew my name."

"Gladly," replied the stranger, "for I know you to be both kind and honest. I am the magician Abdul Samad. I went to the bottom of the magic lake to find these two boxes. In them are two powerful genies, which are now at my command and they will help me to reach the Underground Palace where Al Shamardal lies, forever sleeping. Whoever finds his way into the Underground Palace of Al Shamardal can take the Magic Bottle, which hangs around his neck; the Glass Ball which shines above his head; the Magic Ring which glitters on his finger; and the Magic Sword which lies at his feet."

Then the magician gave Judar bag of gold and asked the lad to meet him next day outside the city gates.

When Judar returned home, his mother was delighted with all the gold, but his two brothers looked on full of envy. "I will bring more yet," said Judar. "I have promised to meet the man again tomorrow." His mother begged him not to go, for she was afraid that some

harm might come to him, but Judar replied that he must keep his promise.

Next morning Abdul Samad, the magician, was waiting for Judar outside the city gates and they set out for Abdul Samad's great house. It was a whole day's journey and much of it was across desert country and by mid-day, Judar began to feel very hungry. "Where can we find something to eat, in this desert?" he asked the magician.

Abdul Samad only laughed. "My Magic Saddlebag will give us everything we need, my friend," he said and putting his hand into the saddlebag he drew out plate after plate of delicious food, so that there was soon a fine meal in front of them. Although there never seemed to be anything inside the saddlebag, it gave them food until they reached Abdul Samad's house and there they stopped for the night.

Next morning, they set out again, with servants and donkeys to ride and tents to sleep in at night and always, the Magic Saddlebag provided them with rich food.

At last, after many days' journey, they reached a wide,



deep-flowing river and there they stopped. Abdul Samad brought out the two boxes he had taken from the lake and spoke magic words over them. Out of the boxes came two huge genies. "What is your command, O master?" they asked.

"Show me the entrance to the Underground Palace of Al Shamardal," said Abdul.

"We hear and obey," cried the genies and at once, in front

of their eyes, appeared a high door. "I cannot go through that door, for I am a magician," said Abdul Samad. "Only you can go down to the room where Al Shamardal lies sleeping, Judar." Then Abdul Samad told Judar that he would see seven huge archways, leading into seven great rooms. Each one would be guarded, but if Judar faced the guards without fear and walked boldly past, they would not stop him.

The door opened easily at Judar's touch and he found himself in a huge room. Beyond were seven archways, each one guarded, but Judar walked boldly past each guard, as Abdul Samad had told him, until he came to the Treasure Chamber at the end. There, Al Shamardal lay sleeping and Judar had only to take the Magic Sword, the Magic Ring, the Magic Bottle and the Glass Ball. Then he hurried back to the entrance.

"A thousand thanks," cried Abdul Samad. "Now I shall be the greatest magician in the world, for I shall be able to know all the secrets of the world with these things."

The entrance to Al Shamardal's Underground Palace disappeared and Judar and Abdul Samad started on their way home. After a long journey, the spires of the city appeared before them. When they reached Abdul Samad's magnificent house, he asked Judar what he wanted as a reward for his help.

"I would dearly love to own the Magic Saddlebag," replied Judar. "Then my family would never again go hungry."

"That is a small reward," replied Abdul Samad. "But if that is what you wish, take it."

Next morning, Judar set off for his own home. When he reached the little house, he rushed in to greet his mother, but to his surprise, he saw that the little house was as poor as ever and his mother was in rags. "Why mother, what is the matter?" asked Judar. "I left you enough money to keep you well fed until my return."

"Alas," replied his mother. "Your brothers took all the money and lost it in the market. I was left with nothing."

"Well, you shall never want for food again as long as I am here," said Judar. He took out the Magic Saddlebag, said the magic words which Abdul Samad had taught him and pulled out plate after plate of delicious food. When his brothers returned home, they amazed at the feast.

Judar welcomed them kindly, "Come, brothers," he said. "Let us share my good fortune for there is enough here for all of us." Then they all sat down together to the finest meal they had ever eaten, all from the Magic Saddlebag.

Robin Hood



and his MERRY MEN

Robin Hood had been captured by the Sheriff of Nottingham and was taken to the market place to be executed as an outlaw, but Friar Tuck, Little John and the other outlaws were there, and charged to the rescue!

The Norman soldiers were taken by surprise and scarcely knew what they were doing. With a bound, Friar Tuck and Little John leapt up on the platform and freed Robin Hood from the ropes that bound him. Then the three drove the soldiers back.

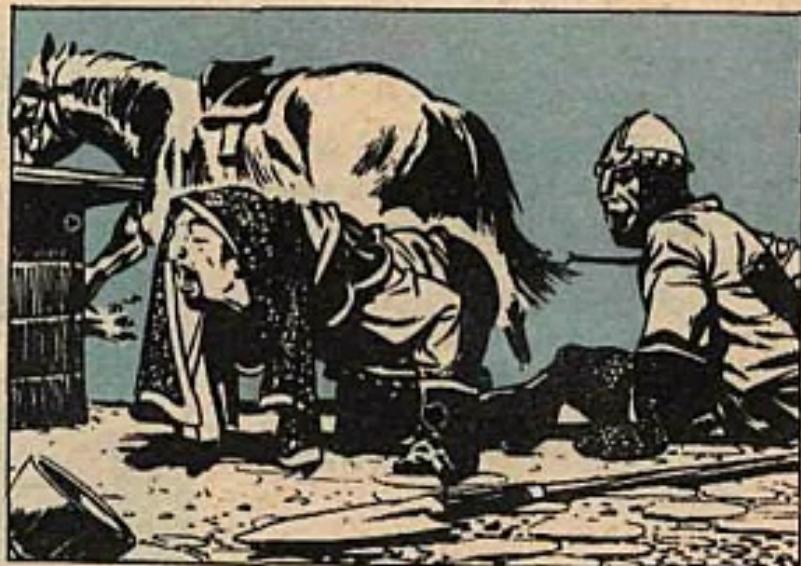


They leapt down from the platform and started to fight their way out of the market place. The Norman soldiers were in utter confusion and failed to stop them. Just then, Little John saw the Sheriff of Nottingham near by.



The Sheriff was greedy and cruel. Little John thought to himself: "I will make him pay for all he has done to Robin." He charged through the soldiers and, with one blow from his stave, knocked the Sheriff off his horse.

The Sheriff fell to the ground close to the spot where Robert the Wolf lay wounded. The Norman baron was very angry at the sight of Robin Hood escaping. He shouted at the Sheriff, "Don't lie there. Recapture Robin Hood"!



When Much the Miller was certain that Robin, Friar Tuck and Little John were fighting their way to freedom, he gave orders for all the Merry Men of Sherwood to mingle with the crowds and make their way back to the forest.

Robin, with Little John and the Friar, escaped out of the market place and sped down a narrow street. Three horsemen saw them and gave chase, but Robin had a grand idea. He and the others, climbed up on the roof of a house. "We will ambush these horsemen," explained Robin, "and take their horses."



As the three soldiers were galloping down the road, Robin Hood and his friends leapt down on top of them. Robin knocked one soldier out of his saddle. Little John did the same to another Norman and Friar Tuck soon grabbed a horse. Dazed and bewildered the Norman soldiers rolled on the ground, while Robin and his friends mounted the horses.



As they rode away from the Market place, Robin suddenly spotted some of his men surrounded by Norman soldiers. He forgot all about his own safety. "We must go back and save them", he cried. "Keep close to me. Come on!"

A small band of Robin's men had their backs to a wall, fighting courageously against a party of Norman soldiers. But the outlaws were badly outnumbered and it looked as though they would soon lose their lives. Then with wild shouts of defiance, Robin and his friends charged into the Normans, who fled for their lives in terrific confusion.

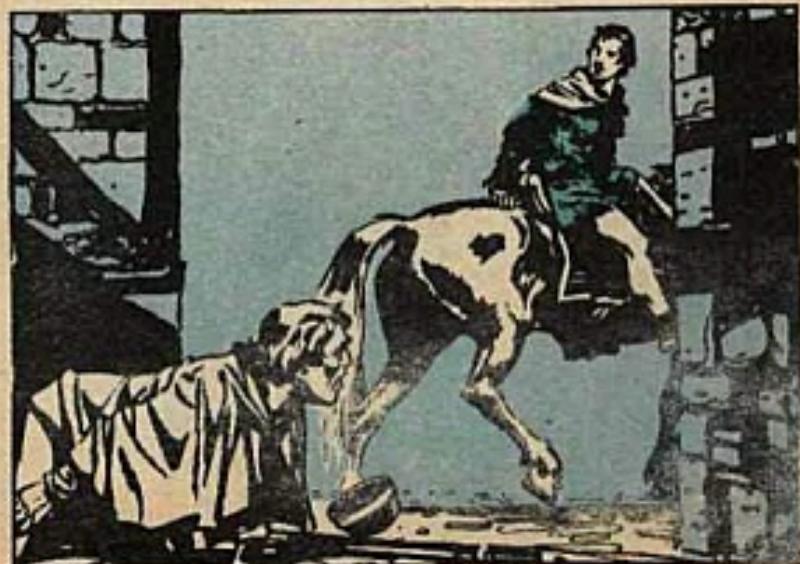


If the Norman soldiers did not recognise Robin, the merry men from Sherwood Forest knew him at once, and hailed him with a cheer. Robin told them: "Slip out of town and get back to the forest. I will meet you there a little later."



The men obeyed, but Friar Tuck and Little John asked Robin what he meant to do. "I am going around the town to make sure that there are no more of my men in danger," he told them. "You two return to Sherwood with the others."

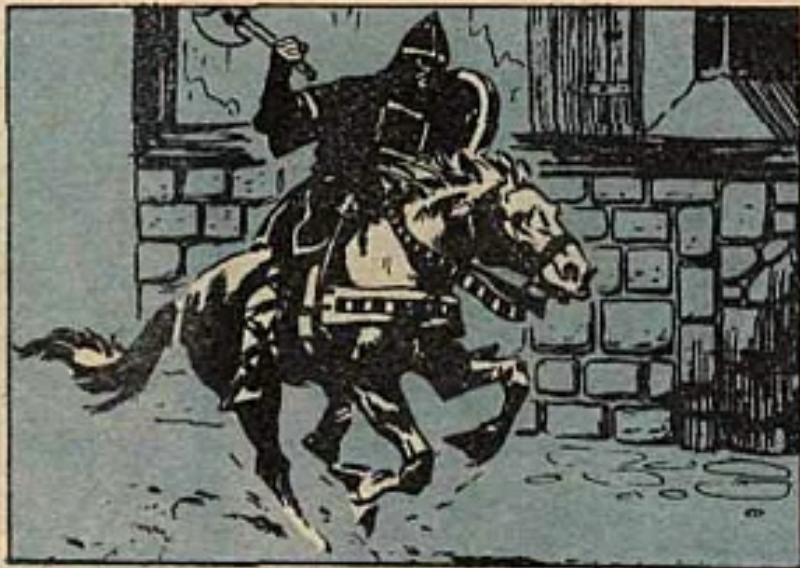
Nobody recognised the tall man on his horse. Robin rode swiftly yet quietly, through the streets and alleys. At first, he thought all his outlaws had escaped, then, in a corner, he saw one of his men, wounded and unable to walk.



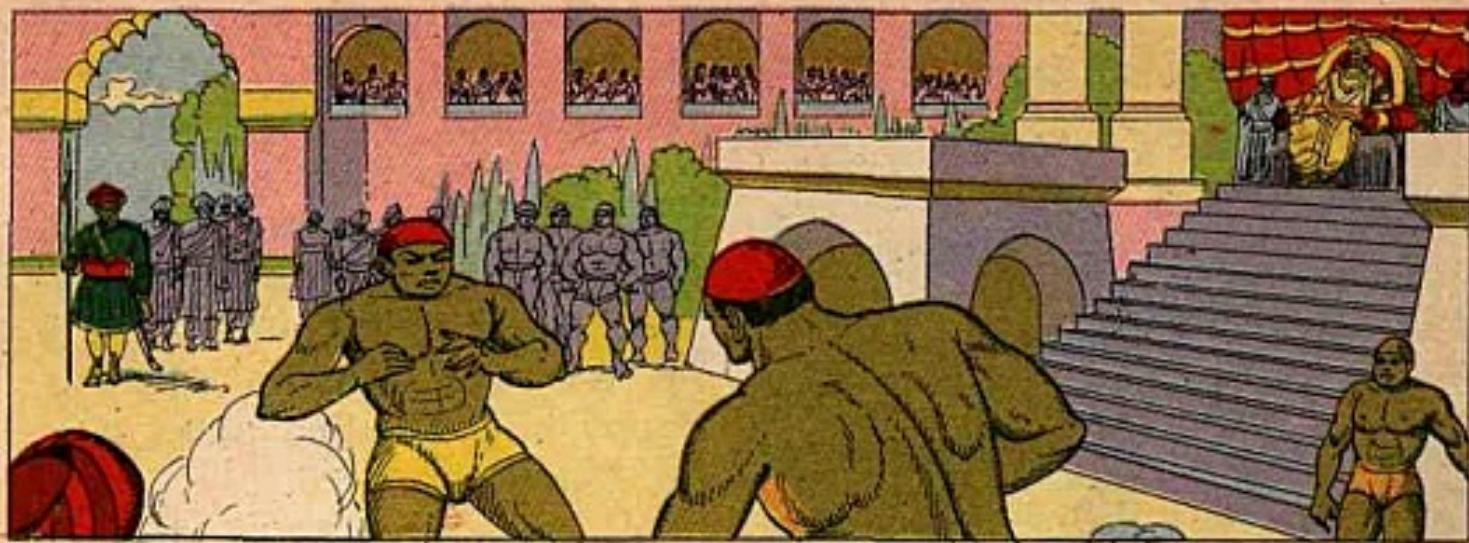


Swiftly, Robin dismounted and hastened to the aid of the stricken man. The wounded outlaw did not want Robin to risk his life helping him. "You escape Robin," he cried, "Never mind about me." But Robin refused to leave him.

The clatter of horse's hooves on the cobbles told Robin that danger was near. He turned and saw a Norman knight charging towards him his gleaming battle-axe raised for a cruel blow. There was only one thing for Robin to do.



The wounded man cried out, "Run, Robin! There is still a chance." But Robin turned to face the on coming knight. "No, friend," he said. "I shall stand and fight this Norman. If I win, then we shall go back to Sherwood together!"



MAHABHARATA

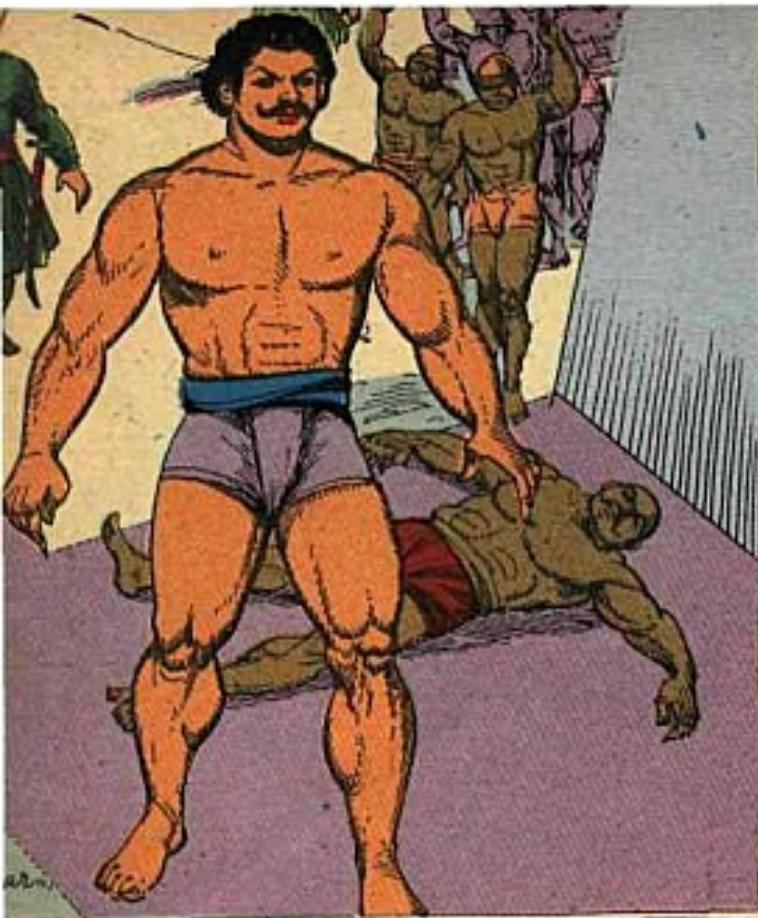
The story so far.....

The Pandava princes having completed their twelve years of exile, now have to remain in concealment for a further year. They decide to seek service at the court of King Virata, the ruler of Matsya. Yudhishthira goes as a courtier: Arjuna plans to teach dancing and singing: Bhima goes as a cook: Nakula intends to look after the king's horses: Sahadeva to tend the cattle and Draupadi a serving maid to the queen.

And so the Pandavas began their term of exile in the land

of King Virata. Everyday the king rolled dice with Yudhishthira and lost heavily. Yudhishthira divided the gambling gains amongst his brothers. Bhima served in the royal kitchen and distributed to all whatever food was left. Arjuna living in the royal boudoir gave away the clothes he received as gifts. Nakula groomed the royal horses and the king was pleased with him. Sahaadeva tending his flocks of sheep and cattle, churned the milk into butter and gave the excess away.

In this manner four months passed. Then a great fair was



Bhima defeats the champion, Jimutha.

held in the land. Many people from all corners of the earth came to see it.

Wrestling bouts were held to celebrate the occasion. In the ensuing wrestling matches, Jimutha, the grappler overcame all. He boasted he could up-end anyone rash enough to challenge him. He was as good as his boast.

The king thought of his royal chef, Bhima. He sent for him and said, "You told me once that you wrestle. Go, fight and defeat Jimutha."

Bhima bowed his head and went to meet the grappler. A

large crowd gathered to watch the wrestling bout. Within a few seconds, he lifted Jimutha high over his head and hurled him across the arena. Jimutha lay where he fell still as death. The crowd roared its applause of the new champion. The happy king lavished many gifts on Bhima.

Now the king took pleasure in watching Bhima perform in the arena, defeating men and ferocious beasts with equal ease.

Arjuna in his female garb taught the royal ladies to sing and dance. They performed well before the king. Nakula and Sahadeva went about their duties efficiently.

Time sped. Then one day, Kichaka, the king's brother-in-law saw the beautiful Draupadi now the handmaiden of the Queen. At once he fell in love with her. He went to Sudheshna, his sister and Queen of the land. Eagerly, he asked about the handmaiden. But the Queen said, "Never mind who she is. She is not for you." Kichaka was not disheartened by this rebuke. He waylaid Draupadi and declared his love for her. She replied, "Sir, I am already married. Five Gods protect me from a





Kichaka, the commander-in-chief annoys Draupadi.

distance. If you cause unhappiness to me, they will kill you like that" and she snapped her fingers.

Kichaka returned to his sister and again pestered her. He said, "I must marry this girl. She does not listen to me. She even threatens me."

Sudheshna replied, "True. She has also told me about her divine protectors. Forget her, else you may come to some great harm."

Kichaka boasted, "I have the power to crush even a thousand Gods. I am the Commander-in-Chief of all the

royal forces. Am I not handsome? Aren't I wealthy? If you press my suit with her, she will yield."

Then Sudheshna resignedly said, "I have said all I can. I cannot support your wickedness. However, this afternoon I shall send her to you on some pretext. If you can, persuade her to marry you."

Kichaka left the palace, softly humming to himself.

A little later Sudheshna called Draupadi to her side and gave her a golden chalice.

She said, "My brother keeps a stock of good wine. He promised to give me some. Go and bring it."

But Draupadi refused. She said, "Oh, Queen, I do not wish to go there. Your brother's behaviour is not satisfactory. If I go there, he may harm me."

The Queen tut-tutted and said impatiently "How silly can you be? My brother is a good sort. If he tries to harm you, I will put a stop to it. Do not be afraid. Go and do my bidding."

Draupadi reluctantly walked towards Kichaka's palace. When he saw her coming towards him, he was overjoyed.

As she came inside the palace, grandly he said, "Look here, woman, marry me, and I will give you all the jewels and all the clothes in the kingdom."

Draupadi retorted. "Sir, I came here to do the Queen's bidding. You promised to give her some choice wine. Pour it into this chalice and I will carry it back."

Kichaka snorted, "What's the hurry, woman? Come to me," and suiting words to action, he seized her by the hand.

Draupadi pushed him away and ran to the royal court. Kichaka chased her there and in the middle of the hall again seized her by the hair.

Yudhishthira and Bhima boiled with rage at this sight. Bhima looked around for a handy weapon and his eyes fell on a large tree. Yudhishthira understood what he intended and hinted loudly, "Oh! Chef, are you looking around for good firewood? That tree will not suit you. Look elsewhere." Bhima sat down in obedience to that unspoken command.

Draupadi realised that the Pandavas were not in a position to help her. So she turned to

the King and said, "Oh! King, see how this wicked man insults me. Yet you keep quiet. Even, my divine protectors, for some reason best known to them, are unwilling to come to my aid."

The King answered, "Woman, you ask me to interfere in your personal affairs. How can I settle your complaint without knowing what has happened."

Then Yudhishthira, now known as Gangapattar, said, "Woman, go to your apartment. You say, you have divine protectors. Then, leave this

Draupadi begs King Virata to help her.



matter to them. There must be a reason why they have not come to your aid now. Do not be afraid. Those who try to harm you will be punished."

Draupadi took the hint and went to the Queen. Sudheshna noticed her tears and asked, "What is this? Why are you unhappy? Has someone caused you harm?"

Then Draupadi related all that had happened. She said, "Oh! Queen, now Kichaka's life is forfeit. My protectors will see to that."

Sudheshna became alarmed at these words. She realized that Kichaka had brought some terrible danger upon himself. But what could she do?

Draupadi swore vengeance on Kichaka, and at the dead of night, she went to Bhima. Bhima lay restlessly on his bed smarting under the insult of the morning. When he saw Draupadi he said, "Thank God, you have come. This morning I wanted to dash Kichaka's brains on the palace floor. But elder brother warned me. But I will not rest until I have killed Kichaka and wiped out the insult to you."

Draupadi said, "True. We should not be rash and disclose

our identities so soon. That is what your brother meant. I shall make that wicked Kichaka come to this place through a trick."

Bhima nodded his head. "Right," he said. "I wanted to toss everyone at the dice hall over my head, even Duryodhana and Duhsasana. But I was helpless. But now I am strong again. Get Kichaka to come to the dance theatre tomorrow night. I shall take care of him."

Draupadi said, "Yes. The dance hall is the right place. At night it is deserted. I will tell Kichaka to meet me there secretly. He will be only too glad to come."

Bhima replied, "Just let me get my hands on him. He will return feet foremost. For insulting you in the royal hall, I will tear him limb to limb."

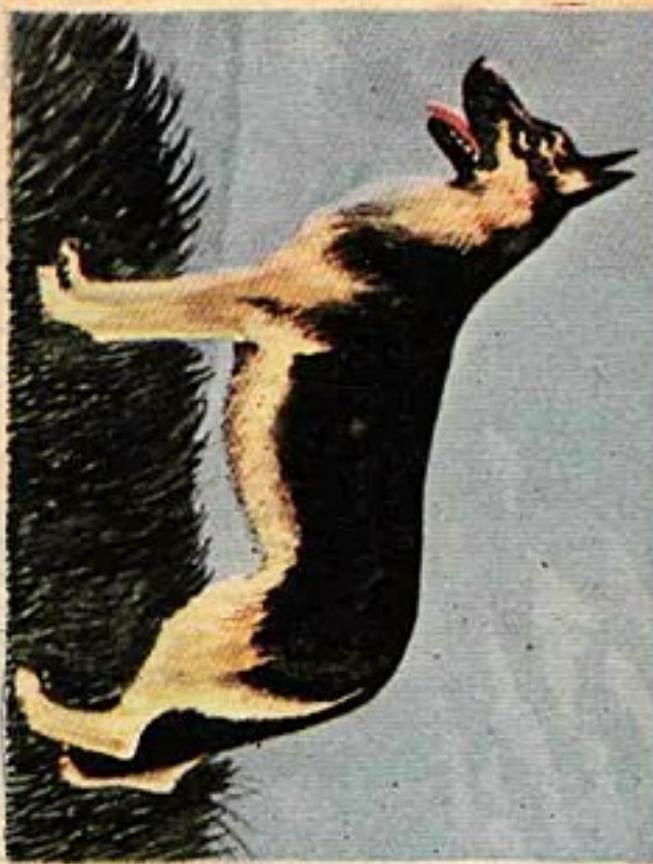
Draupadi agreed but said, "Everything must be done on the sly. When they find Kichaka's corpse in the morning, they will think that my divine protectors have taken a terrible vengeance. After all, everyone in Virata know that I have divine protectors."

Then Draupadi left Bhima and went to her quarters.

CHANDAMAMA CARD INDEX OF KNOWLEDGE

MAMMALS

Alsatian



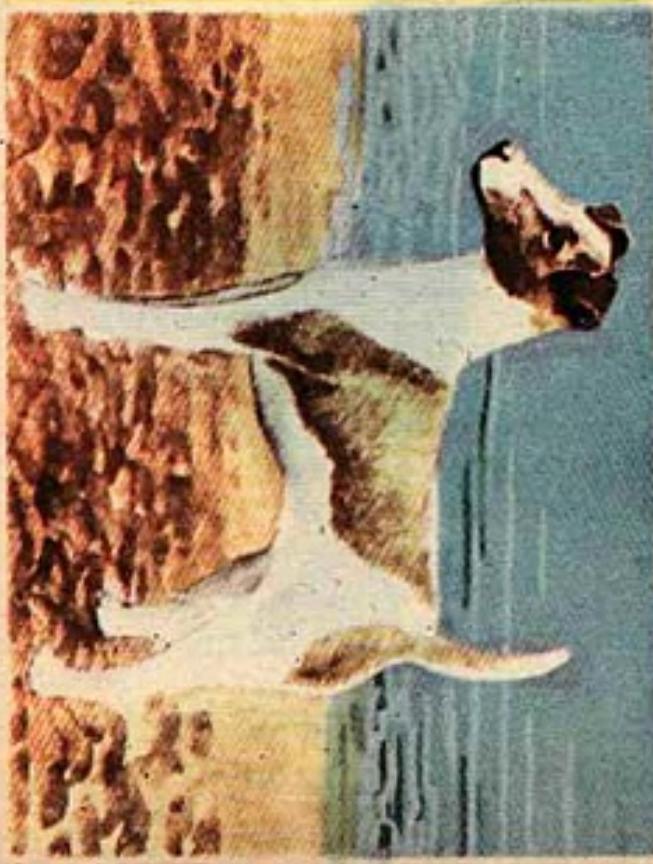
MAMMALS

Pekingese



MAMMALS

Fox Terrier



MAMMALS

Welsh Corgi



MAMMALS

Pekingese

THE dog on the other side of this index card is a Pekingese. Other names for this breed are Sleeve Dog, Lion Dog and Pekin Palace Dog.

A good Pekingese should weigh between seven and twelve lb. and its coat should be long and straight, with a thick undercoat. It may be almost any colour except liver and it may be parti-coloured. The head is fairly wide and is flat between the ears. The muzzle is short and rather wrinkled and the tail is curled.

Pekingese dogs have very short legs and the front legs are slightly bowed.

They are very affectionate dogs and are also highly intelligent.

MAMMALS

Welsh Corgi

THE Welsh Corgi shown in the picture on the other side of this index card is a Pembrokeshire Welsh Corgi.

Originally it was a cattle dog, although little is really known of its beginnings. It is thought that it may be the dog mentioned in the old Welsh laws of King Hywel Dda in 920 A.D.

Nowadays, it is found in many of the countries of the world and is particularly popular in America.

A good Welsh Corgi of this type should be between 10 and 12 in. tall and should weigh about 22 lb.

MAMMALS

Alsatian

THE Alsatian or German Shepherd Dog is a breed that came into existence in its present form around the end of the 19th century. The man responsible was Rittmeister von Stephanitz who, by interbreeding three different strains of European shepherd dog, produced the Alsatian.

During the 1920s, Alsatians became extremely popular in Great Britain and the U.S.A. and nowadays are among the most popular breeds in the world.

They are widely used as police dogs and as Guide Dogs for the Blind.

A good Alsatian should be between 24 and 26 in. high.

MAMMALS

Fox Terrier

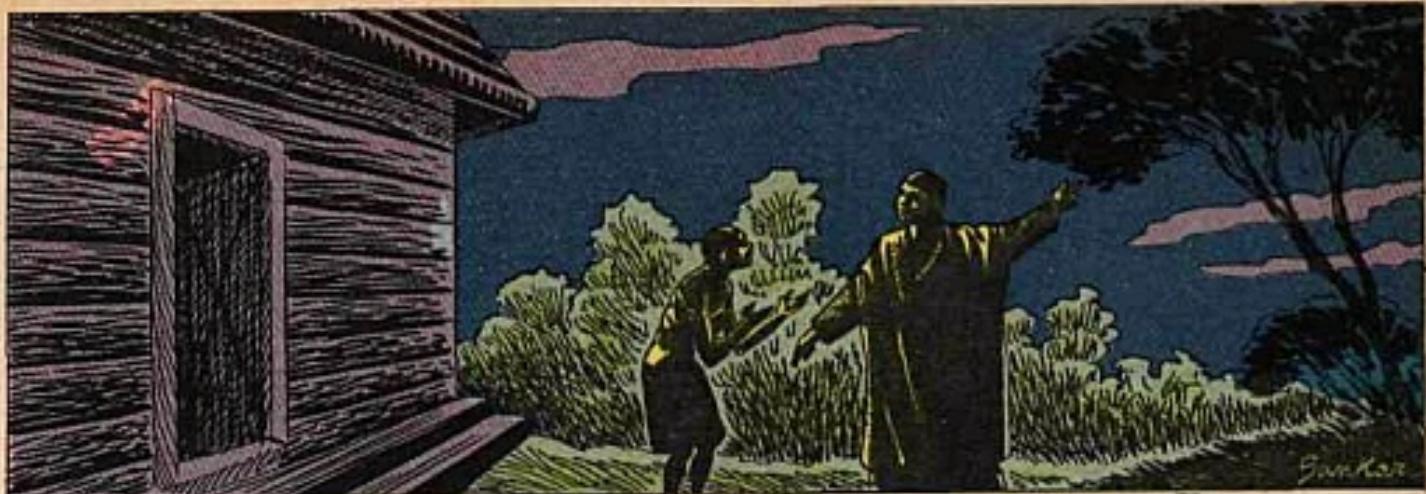
THE smooth-haired Fox Terrier is not quite as popular as the wire-haired variety although, in fact, it is a rather older breed.

As long ago as 1876, the Fox Terrier Club drew up a Standard of Points for the breed and, since that time, breeders have been very careful to preserve the recognised basic type.

A good smooth-haired Fox Terrier should weigh around 15 to 18 lb. and should measure about 15½ in. at the shoulder.

The colour should be mainly white but there should be black or tan markings.

As the name implies, Fox Terriers were originally used for hunting foxes.



SPURNED OFFERINGS

Far across the Arabian Sea in the vast continent of Africa, there once lived a fisherman, who managed to scratch a living catching fish in one of the big lakes. He could not afford a boat, so he used a homemade raft of young trees lashed together, and he fished with large baskets, which he anchored in shallow water at night, and collected his catch the following morning.

The morning our story starts, the catch was very disappointing. The first three baskets yielded a few very small fish, but the fourth basket was as heavy as lead. The fisherman tugged and tugged, with thoughts of a basket loaded with big fish. When at last

he managed to pull the basket to the surface, it contained a withered old negro woman!!

The fisherman was so enraged that he was all for throwing the woman back into the water. "Don't throw me back," she pleaded. "Take me to your home, and you will never regret your kindness."

At first he said no. But then he thought the old woman could keep his hut clean, and she wouldn't eat very much. When they got to his hut, the fisherman gave the old woman some mealie gruel, but before she had taken a mouthful, he asked her. "You said I would never regret my kindness. How can an old woman like you help me?"

"My son," replied the old woman with a smile. "By sunset you will own a hundred head of cattle. So get busy and build an enclosure with a strong fence."

With a lot of grumbling and muttering, the fisherman built a rough fence of thorny shrubs to keep wild animals out. It was near sunset when he finished, and no sooner had he downed his tools, when in the distance could be heard the bellowing of cattle, and shortly afterwards a great drove of bulls, cows and calves came lumbering into sight.

From that day onwards the fisherman's wealth grew and grew. He bought adjoining land and employed many labourers. But wealth unfortunately gave him a bloated idea of his own importance, and he became arrogant and scorned those who were poorer than himself.

One night he was entertained in a neighbouring village and as the food and drink were plentiful, he did himself full justice. It was past midnight when he reached home on unsteady legs.

The hut was in total darkness, and he banged on the

door shouting. "Come on you withered old hag. Open this door or I will kick it down."

The old woman unbolted the door, and upbraided the fisherman for his abuse and drunken state, and threatened to leave him. "Go, you silly old woman, go," shouted the fisherman, "and good riddance to bad rubbish."

As dawn was breaking, the old woman left the hut and opening the gate of the cattle enclosure, she beckoned to the animals, which silently followed her to the lake. When they reached the lake, the woman and the cattle walked into its depths and were never seen again.

As for the fisherman, he became poorer and poorer, yet he seemed too scared to try and earn a living by fishing in the lake.

RIDDLES

1. What is made today but was used yesterday?
2. Who earns a living by driving away customers?
3. What is unusual about locking a piano?

ANSWERS

1. A bed. 2. A taxi-driver. 3. The keys
are left inside.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!
Winning captions will be announced in the December issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 31st October.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with age and sent to:

Photo Caption Contest,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in August Issue

The prize is awarded to
Master Kumar Khemlani,
29/4th Daulat Building,
Near Colaba Post Office, Bombay 5.
Winning entry -'Beak in Beak' - 'Jumping to Seek'

THE THREE WISHES

Once, in Hungary, there lived a very poor peasant, called Franz. He and his wife Maria had a tiny little cottage on the edge of the forest and they did not have a penny to spare between them. They lived mostly on the food they could grow in their garden. They were very happy, for they were quite a contented couple, but they were sometimes bad-tempered and had quarrels. Then they would both get very cross indeed.

One evening, Franz returned home and sat down in front of the fire to warm himself. His wife was just putting the pan on the fire, to cook their meagre evening meal. It was late Autumn and the weather was turning cold and in the nearby village the farmers were just getting in the last of the harvest. The peasant had been helping them and in return for his help he received money to buy food.

"I saw the strangest thing on my way home tonight," said Franz.

"What was it?" asked his wife.

"Well, as I was returning from the fields, I had to walk back down the lane and, as I rounded a bend, I saw a golden carriage. It was not pulled by horses, but by four strong dogs. Inside it sat a lady, very tiny and very beautiful."

"A golden carriage standing in the lane," laughed his wife. "Why, hardly anyone uses that lane. You must be joking."

"No, I'm quite serious," said Franz. "It's true that lane is seldom used and it is very rough and there are pools of water and mud. The carriage was stuck in the mud and hard as the four dogs pulled, they could not move it, so the lady begged me to help her. She said I would be well rewarded, so I hauled with all my might



and with my help the dogs pulled the carriage out of the mud."

"Well, what did she give you as a reward?" asked Maria.

"Nothing," replied Franz. "But first she asked me if I was married and I told her I was and then she asked me if I was rich and I told her I didn't think there were two poorer people than us in the whole village. Then she said, 'I will do something about that, for you are very kind. You may tell your wife when you return home that I will grant her any three wishes she makes.' With that, she dis-

appeared. She must have been a fairy."

"She has certainly made a fool of you," laughed Maria. "You should have asked her for something you could bring home, as a reward. However, it never did any harm to help anyone, so it doesn't matter."

"We shall see," replied Franz. "You must try making a wish and see what happens."

"That's easy," said the wife. "I'm hungry and we have little food in the house. Right now I should like a string of fine sausages in that pan on the fire."



A string of sausages came down the chimney.

No sooner had she spoken than a string of sausages came down the chimney. It was long enough to go right round the house and it filled the frying pan on the fire.

"This is wonderful," cried Maria. "We shall eat well tonight for a change."

"We must be more careful with our next wishes," said Franz. "We have already wasted our first one. I think with the other two, I should like to ask for two cows, two horses and some pigs, so that I could have a little farm of my own."

He took his pipe out of his

mouth as he spoke and tried to light it with a burning branch from the fire, but he only succeeded in upsetting the pan.

When his wife saw that he had upset the sausages, she lost her temper. "What are you doing to our supper?" she cried. "Look at you, you are so clumsy that you have upset the pan and all the sausages as well. I just wish the sausages

were growing on your nose. That would teach you a lesson."

She had quite forgotten the three wishes when she spoke and to her horror, before she had finished speaking, the sausages had left the pan and were dangling from her husband's nose. Terrified, she seized the end of the string and tried to pull them away, but they were stuck quite firmly.



The sausages were dangling from her husband's nose.

"What a stupid woman you are," yelled her husband, in a fine rage. "Now you have wasted the second of our three wishes."

"But what are we going to do about the sausages?" asked Maria.

"We can't remove them," said her husband. "Don't you see, they are growing from the end of my nose."

"Perhaps I can cut them off with a knife," replied Maria hopefully.

"And cut my nose off with them?" asked her husband. "Don't you realise that to cut them off would be like cutting off a piece of me? No, you can't do that. You have one wish left and you will have to use it to wish the sausages back into the frying pan again."

"But what about the two cows and the two horses and the pigs and the little farm you wanted?" said Maria. "If I use up my last wish on your nose you will never have any of them and we shall be back where we started, with nothing."

"You should have thought about that earlier," grumbled poor Franz. "It's obvious that I can't go about like this

for the rest of my life. Nobody will want to talk to me or even look at me, like this."

Maria agreed with him and rather sadly she wished the sausages back into the frying pan and put them on the fire to cook. As they fried, a delicious smell rose from the frying pan. It was so good that both Franz and Maria stopped quarrelling and sniffed happily. They could never quarrel for very long.

They sat down to the largest and tastiest supper they had had for a very long time and they had soon eaten every scrap of sausage in the pan.

They had had the fairy's three wishes, but they were still as poor as before. "It's a pity about the farm and the animals you wanted," said Maria at last, "but still, we did get a good supper and we are not too badly off, for we always manage to have enough to live on."

"Perhaps some good did come from the fairy's three wishes after all," replied Franz thoughtfully. "After all, if we had not been quite so quarrelsome, perhaps we would not have wasted the three wishes in such a silly manner, so if we

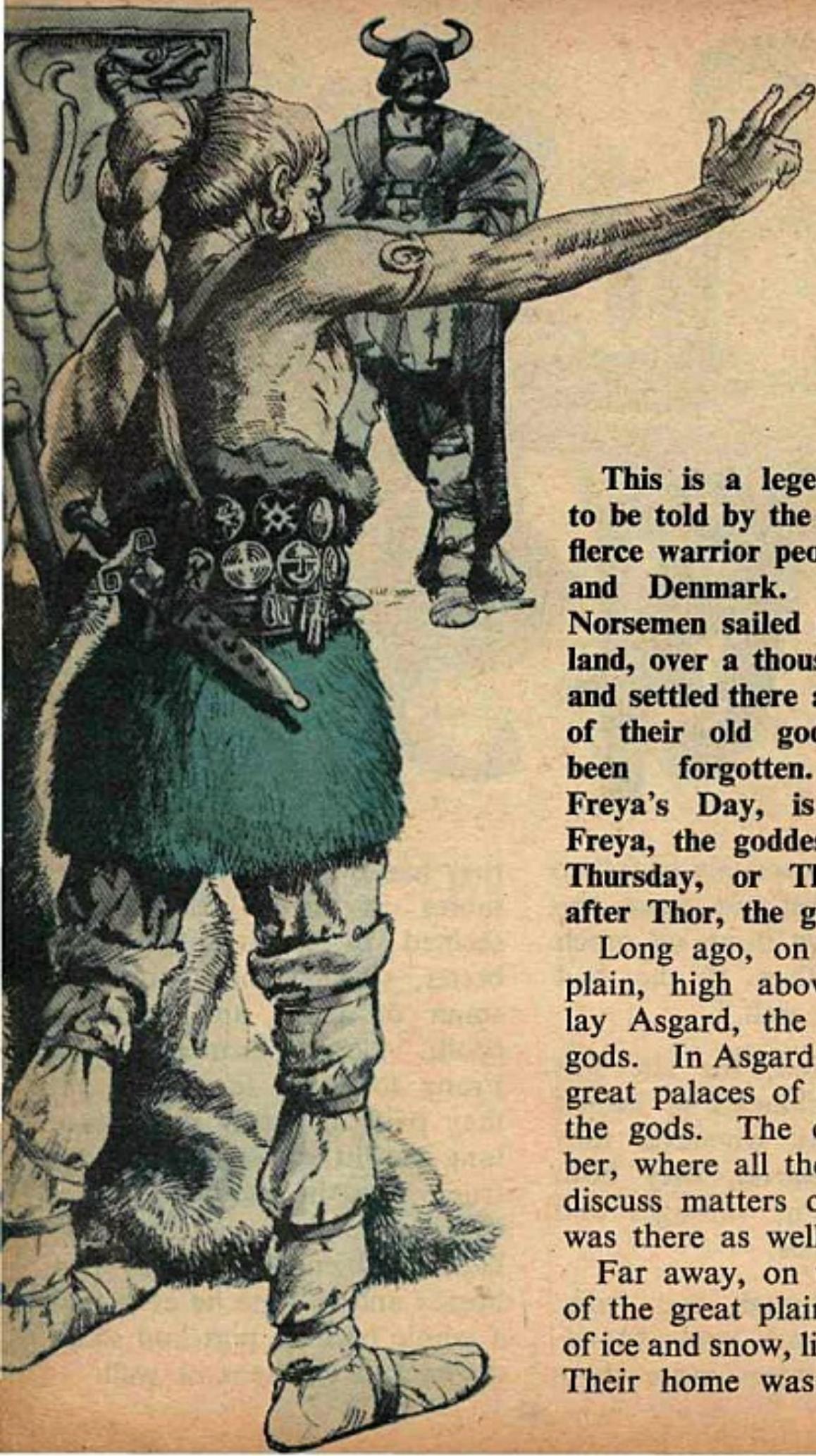


learn to live peaceably in future and not quarrel and argue, the fairy will have done us much more good than if she had made us very rich."

Maria agreed, for she was really very ashamed of herself and after that, whenever they started to quarrel, they both remembered the sausages and stopped at once.

Strangely enough, too, from that day Franz and Maria seemed to prosper more than

they had ever done. The vegetables in their little garden seemed to grow bigger and better, so that they could sell some of them and make a profit. Lots of farmers wanted Franz to work for them and they paid him well and before long his little dream had come true. First he was able to buy two cows, then he found he had saved enough to buy two horses and in time he even had a whole herd of pigs and some ducks and chickens as well.



This is a legend which used to be told by the Norsemen, the fierce warrior people of Norway and Denmark. Some of the Norsemen sailed across to England, over a thousand years ago and settled there and the legends of their old gods have never been forgotten. Friday, or Freya's Day, is named after Freya, the goddess of love and Thursday, or Thor's Day, is after Thor, the god of thunder.

Long ago, on a broad, flat plain, high above the Earth, lay Asgard, the home of the gods. In Asgard were the three great palaces of Odin, king of the gods. The council chamber, where all the gods met to discuss matters of importance, was there as well.

Far away, on the other side of the great plain, in the land of ice and snow, lived the giants. Their home was called Jut-

THE CASTLE OF THE GODS



heim and there it was always Winter. The snow never melted and the ice never thawed.

The giants were the enemies of the gods and the gods were always afraid that the powerful frost giants would band together to attack Asgard and perhaps take them unawares and defeat them.

At last, the gods decided that they must have a strong castle to protect Asgard against attack by the giants, but they did not know anyone who could build them a castle strong enough to withstand an attack by the giants.

As they sat wondering what to do, a stonemason from Jutenheim, the home of the giants, came to Asgard.

"I can build you the strongest castle you have ever seen," said the stonemason. "Even if all the giants from Jutenheim came to attack it, the castle would not fall. Furthermore, I promise to build you the castle within three years."

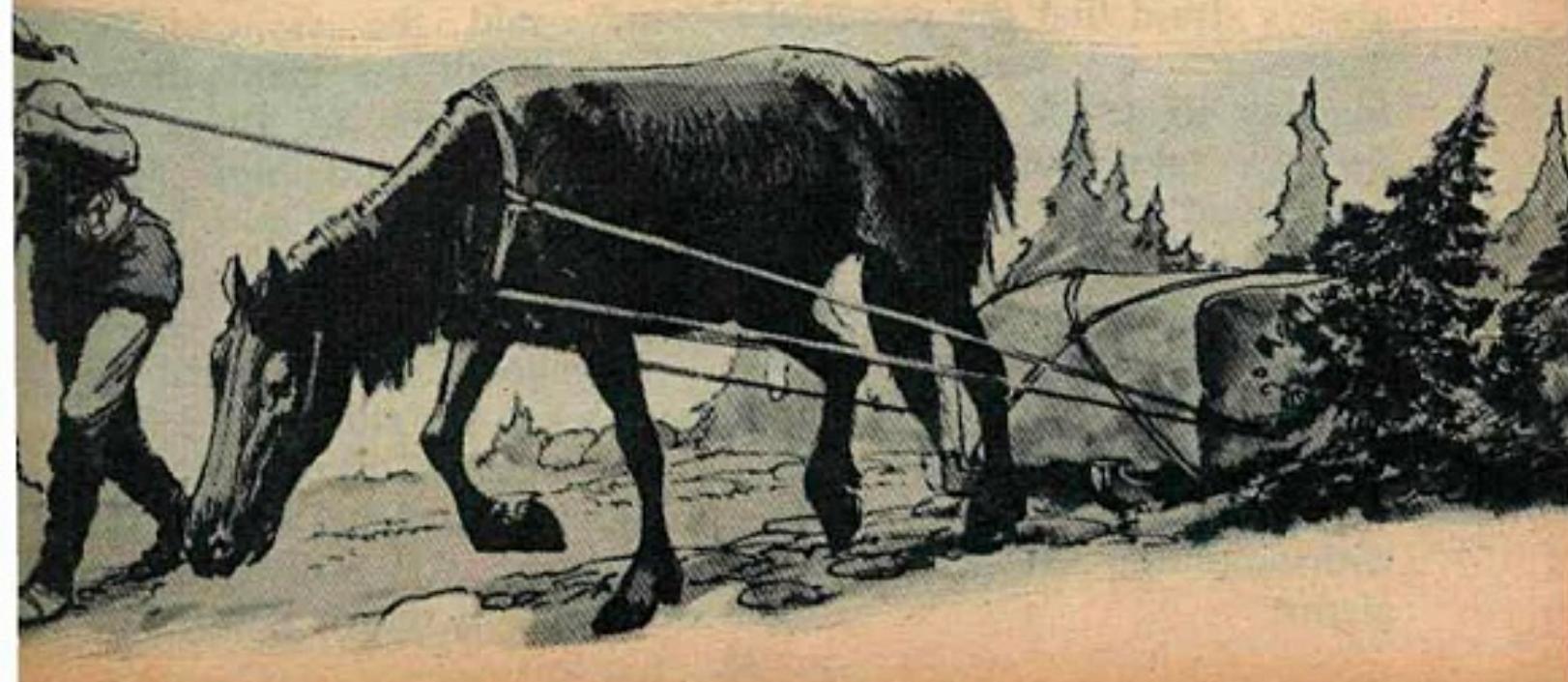
The gods were pleased to hear what the stonemason had to say and they asked him what kind of reward he wanted for his work. "It will be hard work and in return I want the

sun and the moon from the sky to serve as lamps in my house and also Freya, the goddess of love and beauty, as my wife," replied the stonemason.

Odin the great Allfather, who was the king of the gods, replied that the reward was a large one. It seemed a shame to take the sun and moon from the sky and leave the people of the world in darkness, besides he was sure that the goddess Freya would not want a giant for a husband. However, Odin knew how badly the gods needed the protection of a castle so he said to the giant stonemason, "I must talk with my fellow gods and we will give you our answer in three days."

Then Odin called all the gods together and they gathered in the great council chamber to consider the stonemason's request. After much talking and arguing they decided they must refuse the request, but then Loki, the most cunning of the gods, spoke up.

"If this giant stonemason can do what he says then it would be foolish of us to let him go. He has told us that it would take him three years to build the castle, so let us tell him that if he completes the castle in only one year, then his reward shall be the sun, the moon and Freya. If he accepts then we shall have most of the fortress and we shall keep his reward for there



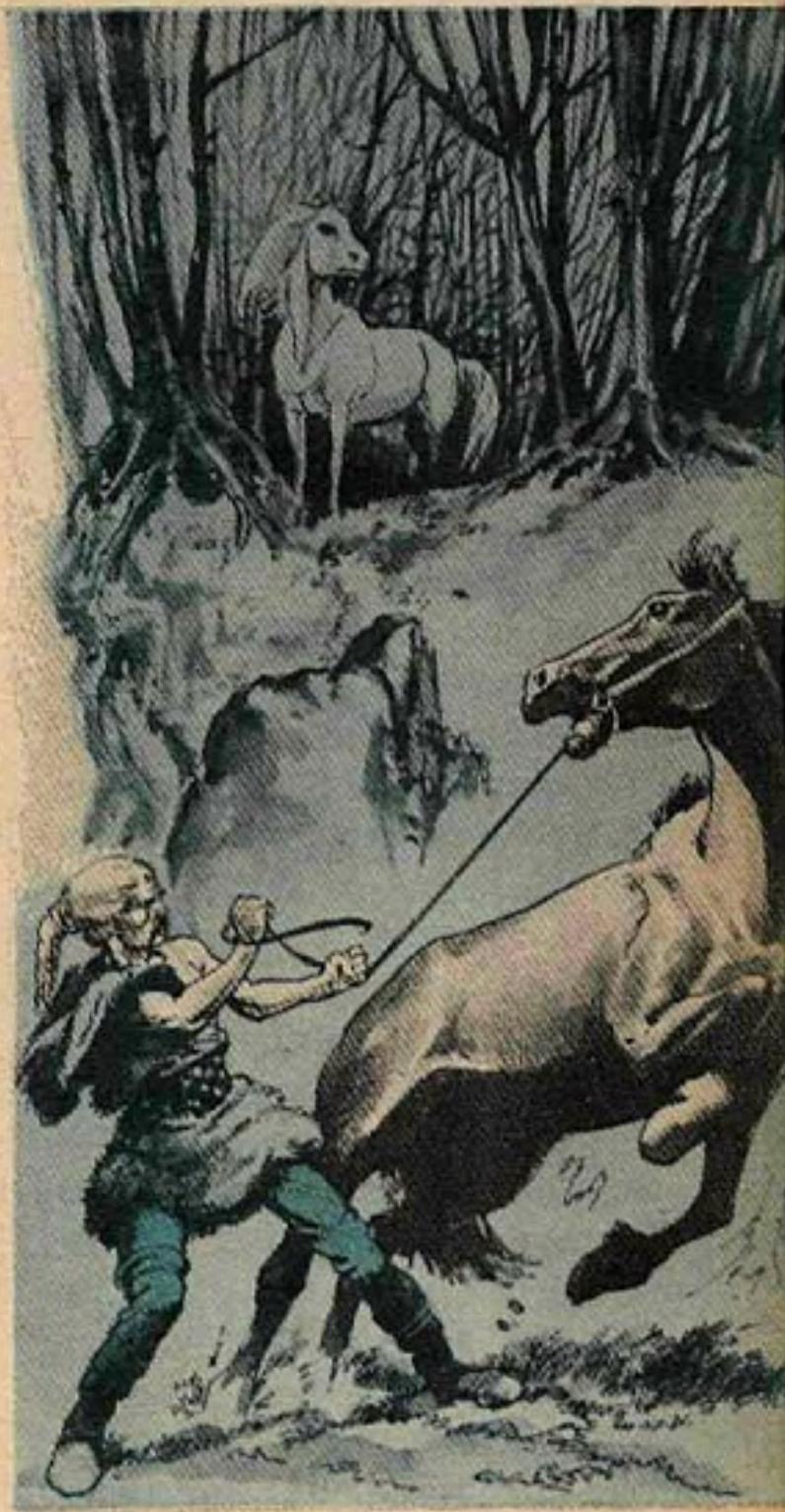
is no builder alive who could complete such a task in one year."

Finally, it was agreed that this was what they should tell the giant, so the stonemason was called and the gods said, "The fortress must be completed before the first day of Summer if you are to earn your reward."

The giant agreed to build the castle in one year on condition that he could have his horse to help him drag the blocks of stone from the quarry to the site of the castle. The council of gods hesitated, but they agreed when Loki said, "Let him use the horse, for it has no hands to build with."

Persuaded by Loki, the gods gave orders for the work to begin and so, on the first day of Winter, the giant brought to Asgard his horse, a great black stallion.

It soon became very clear to the gods that the horse was worth many men, for all day and all night it dragged the stone blocks from the quarry and while daylight lasted the giant piled block on block to build the great fortress. All through the year the horse and the giant worked until, with



**With a mighty bound the stallion
broke free from his traces.**

only three days left to the first day of Summer, the castle was completed, except for the gate and the gateposts.

Odin called the gods into the council chamber, for it was quite clear that unless something happened the castle would be finished in time and they would have to give the giant his reward. The gods were very angry with Loki, for it had been he who had, persuaded the gods that the giant would not be able to complete the castle within one year. They demanded that since Loki had got them into this awkward situation, he must also get them out of it, before it was too late.

After a few minutes thought, Loki left the council chamber and without saying a word, he went to a wood near the new castle and there he turned himself into a dainty, swift-footed mare.

As the giant passed, leading his stallion who was dragging yet another block of stone, Loki, disguised as the mare, gave a soft whinny. The stallion stopped in his tracks and although the giant stonemason tried to make him go on, the animal would not move. Again Loki whinnied and this

time the stallion replied. Then Loki trotted off into the woods and the stallion, with one mighty bound, broke his traces and then galloped off into the woods in pursuit of the mare.

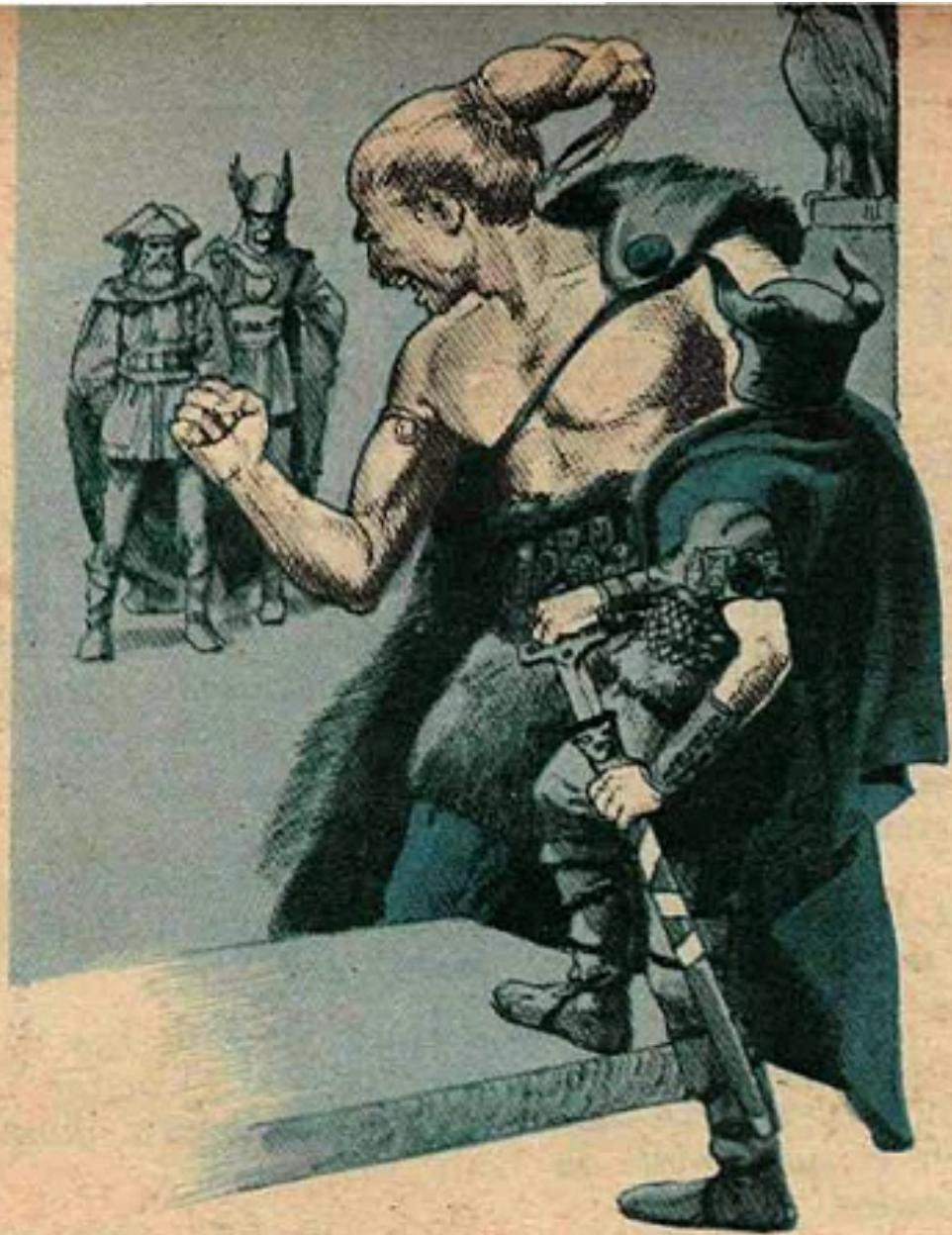
The giant chased after the two horses, calling his stallion as he went, but he could not catch them.

In the morning, the giant had to return to work on his own, dragging the huge stone blocks from the quarry by himself and then putting them in place. It was hard and tiring work without his horse and by the first day of Summer, the castle gate had not been completed and the giant had lost his reward.

The gods were pleased when they saw the finished castle and when they knew that the giant could not take the sun, the moon and the beautiful goddess Freya, but the giant stonemason was very angry and he accused them of cheating him.

"Show us how we have cheated you," said the gods, "and we will repay you."

Of course, the giant could not prove that he had been cheated, so the gods ordered him to leave Asgard and go



back to Jutenheim. He stormed and raged and threatened to have his revenge on them.

At that moment, Thor, the god of thunder and the greatest enemy of the giants, returned from a long journey. He knew nothing about the fortress and how it had been built and when he heard the giant threatening the other gods he grew very angry. "Insolent giant, you

shall pay for those words," he cried and drawing his sword he struck the giant a terrible blow which killed him.

The gods of Asgard had got their castle, built in one year by a giant and a horse, but they had not paid a penny for it. They were delighted with their great castle, for they knew that they were now safe from attack by even the most powerful of the giants from the land of ice and snow.

PROVERBS

Grandmother was always spouting proverbs, although nowadays most of them seem to be a little out of tune with present day living. But with a little imagination they can be brought up-to-date. Here are some, to show you what we mean.

“The best things in life are free—but *the Government is working on the problem.*”

“If at first you don’t succeed, try, try and try again—*then quit. There’s no point in being pigheaded.*”

“Truth is stranger than fiction—but *never as popular.*”

“Life is what you make it—*until some nuisance comes around, and makes it worse.*”

“What goes up must come down—*except prices.*”

“It takes all kinds to make a world—but *some people ought to go away and make their own.*”

“Two can live as cheaply as one—with *twice the money.*”

“What you don’t know won’t hurt you—it *will probably kill you.*”

“Hard work never hurt anybody—but *some people kill themselves running away from it.*”

“Eat, drink and be merry—tomorrow you *will wish you were dead.*”

“Hard work is the road to success—but *better still, marry the boss’s daughter.*”

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time—the *rest of the time, somebody else will fool them.*”

“You are never too old to learn—but *what you learn can put years on you.*”

“A still tongue makes a wise head—*our politicians have never heard this one.*”

“A rolling stone gathers no moss—but *a tethered goat soon dies from starvation.*”



A FRUITY DEAL

In the village, were two peasants who through the years had become good friends, although they seem to be an ill-sorted couple. Tulsidas for example, was easy going and rather simple minded, but his friend Manilal was shrewd and no one was ever known to get the better of him when it came to a business deal.

One day, Tulsidas who had gathered a good crop of potatoes, went along to Nayak, a neighbour to borrow his mule, in order to cart the potatoes to the market in a nearby town. But when he asked Nayak for a loan of the mule, Nayak threw up his hands in despair. "I am sorry, my friend," he said, "that stubborn old mule

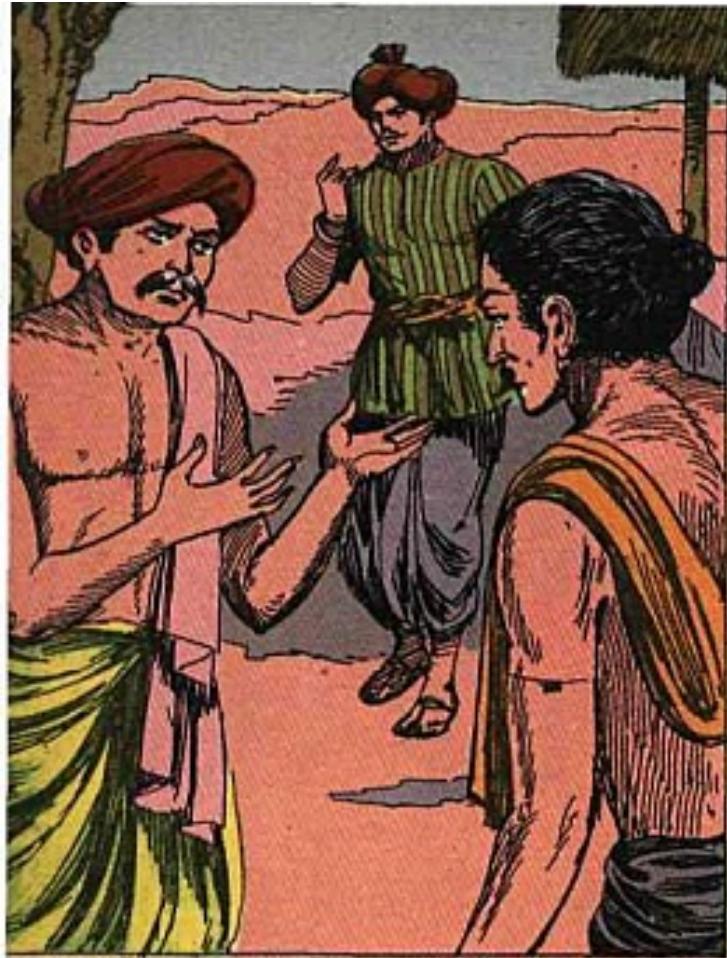
got out of the field during the night, and we can't find the brute anywhere. I suggest you ask Trilok to lend you his horse."

So Tulsidas went along to Trilok's house with some doubts in his mind, for Trilok was so mean that, even the village money lender avoided him like the plague. The first question Trilok asked was, "How much are you willing to pay?"

"I haven't any money", replied Tulsidas in a despairing voice.

"I am not lending my horse for nothing," Trilok retorted. "You grow melons, so give me fifteen and you can borrow the horse."

Poor Tulsidas looked crest-



him. "It's all right," Manilal shouted. "The mule has been found. So now you can take your potatoes to the market."

"O, dear," Tulsidas said, "I have already given Trilok five melons for the loan of his horse and he certainly won't give them back."

"That's what you think," Manilal said with a grin. "Come along with me and I will get your five melons."

The two peasants went off to see Trilok, with the neighbour Nayak tagging along, anxious to see someone get the better of mean old Trilok.

When Trilok saw the three men, he eyed them suspiciously, "Where are my other ten melons?" he shouted.

Manilal just grinned, "First of all my friend," he said, "we want to be sure your horse can carry the load." Then without waiting for Trilok to reply, he strode across to where the horse was tethered, and started to measure the animal's back with his outstretched palms.

The other three looked on in amazement at Manilal's antics. After a while, Manilal stepped back and scratching his head said, "May be the horse will do. Tulsidas and his wife can

fallen. "I have only five in the garden at present. I will give you those and the other ten later this month."

"You will get the horse when I have the fifteen melons, and not before," snarled Trilok.

Tulsidas thinking of his potatoes had to agree, and rushed home for his five melons, which he gave to Trilok, and then went off hoping to find someone who would let him have the other ten melons.

As he wandered down the village street, he was stopped by a shout, and turning round saw his friend Manilal and the neighbour Nayak waving to

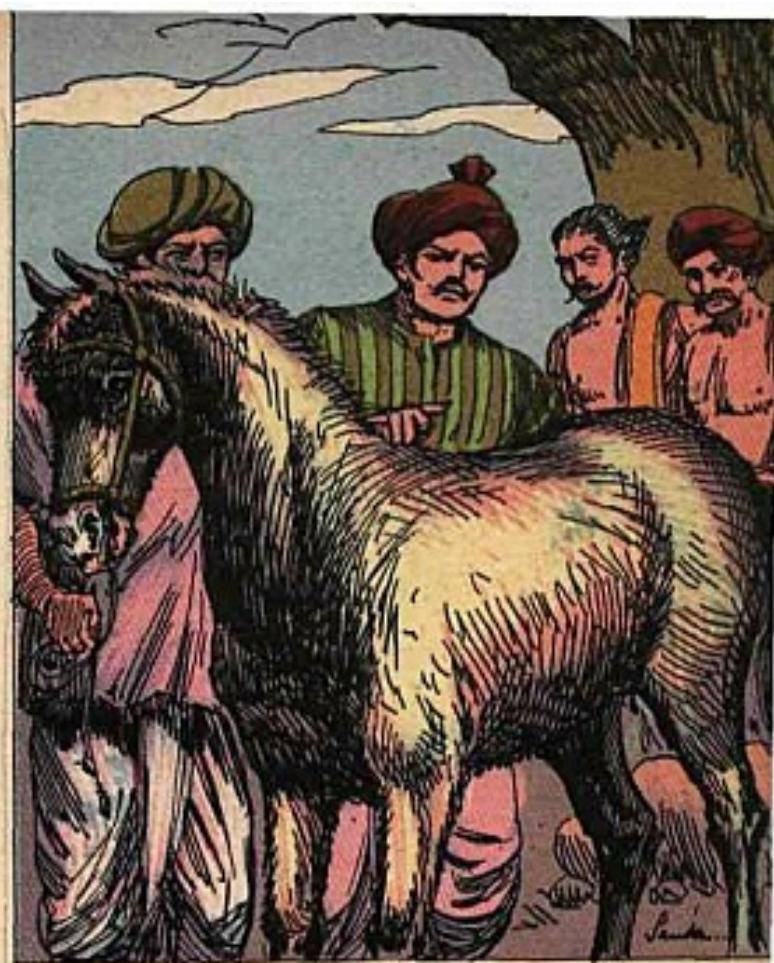
sit up in front, and my wife and myself can sit behind." Then somewhat dubiously he added, "But there doesn't seem to be enough room for the children and Tulsidas's grandparents."

"Stop your nonsense," Trilok shouted. "How can my horse carry several families on its back?"

"That's your horse's worry," Manilal retorted. "What worries me, is where do we tie the hen coops and the baskets of vegetables."

Trilok looked at Manilal in amazement, then he screamed, "You will kill my horse. Go and borrow someone else's horse. Turning to Tulsidas he cried. "Take your five melons and begone."

"Not so fast, my friend," Manilal said. "You said yourself that fifteen melons is a fair price to pay for the loan of a



horse. So you will have to give us fifteen melons so that we can borrow another horse."

Trilok was only too anxious to get rid of these people and rushed into his house, and came back with fifteen melons which he gave to Manilal with a sigh of relief.





THE CURE

The king was a merry monarch. For certainly life was good. The treasury was overflowing with wealth: the ministers were wise and capable and there was no squabbling with neighbouring kingdoms. So the king enjoyed all the good things of life and virtually every night there were lavish banquets, when the tables groaned with the weight of all the marvellous things to eat.

But alas! too much rich food and the king started putting on weight, then more weight and more weight, until he was so fat he could hardly walk and a special trolley had to be built to carry the portly monarch.

The king fretted and fumed

that he of all people should be so fat and so physicians came from all parts of the kingdom to treat his august majesty. But no matter what they tried the king remained as fat as ever. In the end the king announced he would give half his kingdom to the person who could bring his weight back to normal.

The shrewd ministers realising that such an announcement would bring a horde of unscrupulous adventurers, wisely added, that whoever tried to reduce the king's weight and failed, would lose their heads.

Naturally, as no one was interested in the chance of being beheaded, months went by without a solitary person coming

forward, to try and win the reward. Then when the king was giving up all hope, a sadhu came to the court and proclaimed he could cure the king.

The ministers eyed the sadhu with suspicion and stoutly maintained that any medicine the sadhu compounded would have to be thoroughly tested, for fear he may want to poison the king.

The old sadhu just chortled. "I am not producing any medicine," he said. "First, I must study the king's horoscope."

There seemed to be no harm in this, and the sadhu sat and asked the king a lot of questions. Then for a time he sat in silent meditation. Later the sadhu turned to the king and in a sorrowful voice announced. "I am sorry, but I am afraid you have only thirty more days to live."

Everyone was aghast at this. "Nonsense, the king was born under a lucky horoscope," the ministers shouted in unison.

The sadhu threw up his hands to stop the shouting "What I have said is true," he intoned. "If you do not believe, then imprison me for thirty days, then the truth will be known."

And so the sadhu was impi-

soned. At first the king laughed at the sadhu's prediction, then he began to have doubts for surely the sadhu would not willingly risk his head, if it was untrue.

From that day the king lost his appetite, and paced endless hours up and down his chamber, wondering whether he would soon die. As the days went by, the king became more and more worried. He couldn't even bear the sight of food and he got thinner and thinner.

At last the thirty days came to an end, and the king was still alive! The sadhu was taken before the king, who eyed





The King refuses to eat

him with growing rage.

"You have made me suffer for thirty days," the King roared. "I am still alive, you rogue. Now you have only one hour to live."

The sadhu didn't seem at all perturbed. "Your Majesty, I should be rewarded and not executed," He said calmly. "Look in a mirror, and you will see that I have cured you of your obesity. You are now the same girth as a normal man."

Slowly it dawned on the king, that in the past thirty days, through lack of food he had lost all his excess fat. "Well, it was certainly a tough cure," the king admitted, then with a smile added, "Nevertheless, you deserve to be well rewarded."

"No, your Majesty," the sadhu replied. "I ask for no reward. Rule your kingdom wisely and justly"—then laughingly he added—"Remember in future, you should eat to live, not live to eat."

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT
ENGLISH CHANDAMAMA**

"How much do you earn each day?" said the king.

THE CLEVER PEASANT



Once upon a time there lived a rich and powerful king who was very fond of hunting. One day, when he was out riding, he saw a poor peasant man, hard at work chopping wood.

The king stopped his horse and called to the peasant. "How much do you earn each day?"

"Four shillings, your majesty," replied the peasant, who had recognised the king.

"And what do you do with your money?" asked the king.

"Well, the first shilling I eat",

replied the man, "the second I put out to interest, the third I give back and the fourth I throw away."

The peasant's answer puzzled the king and he could not for the life of him think what the man was talking about. In the end he asked the peasant to explain.

"Well, it's like this, your majesty," said the man. "With the first shilling I buy myself food to eat. The second shilling I use to feed my chil-

dren. That is in my own interest, for when I grow too old to work they will look after me. The third I give to my father to repay him for all the kindness and help he has given me in life and the fourth, alas, I have to give to my wife to feed herself. It's throwing good money away to my way of thinking."

The king nodded his head with approval at the peasant's answer.

"Tell me," he said, "will you promise not to tell anybody what you have just told me until you have seen my face a hundred times?" Now it was the peasant's turn to be puzzled, but he promised, so the king rode away and the peasant returned to his work.

When the king reached his palace he called all his wise ministers together and said, "I will give you a riddle, my wise men and you must try and answer it. A peasant earns four shillings a day. The first he eats, the second he puts out to interest, the third he gives back and the fourth he throws away".

There was a moment's silence, so the king said, "Well, what is the answer?"

Not one of his ministers could

tell him, but one, more wily and cunning than the rest, remembered that the king had been seen talking to a peasant that day.

Excusing himself, the wily minister rode off to the field as fast as he could. When he asked the peasant what the answer to the riddle was the poor man refused, saying, "I have promised not to tell until I have seen the king's face a hundred times."

With a gleam in his eye and a sly smile on his face the minister took a bag of golden coins from his pocket. Slowly, the minister turned each coin over and showed the peasant the king's head stamped on each one. When a hundred coins had been turned over the peasant said, "I can give you the answer to the riddle now, for I have seen the king's head a hundred times."

The peasant explained the answer to the minister, who was so pleased with his luck that he gave the man the hundred golden coins.

Off he rode, back to the palace, chuckling to himself all the way. He rushed into the throne room and breathlessly gave the answer to the king,



**The minister
showed the peasant the
king's head stamped on each coin.**

but the king was very angry and highly displeased. "There is only one man who knew the answer and that was the peasant himself. He promised not to tell anybody," he said.

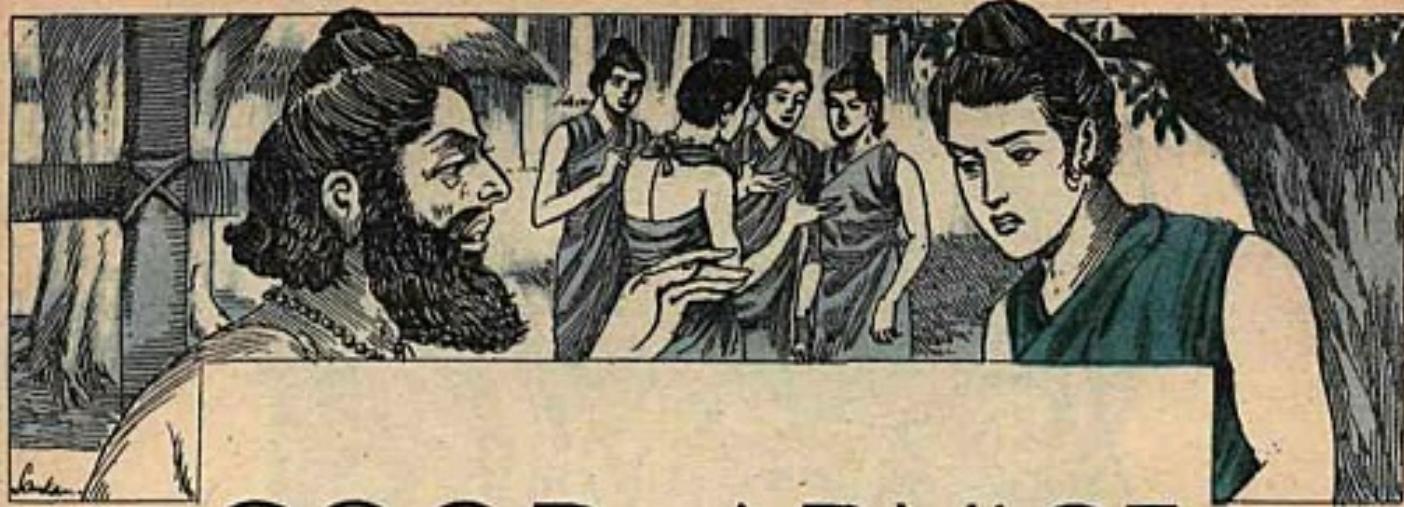
The king summoned the peasant to his palace and when he came, the poor man, in fear of his life, bowed low.

"Did you not promise me that you would not tell the answer to the riddle to anyone?"

said the king in a stern voice. "Yes, your majesty," replied the peasant, "but your minister showed me your face one hundred times."

Then, taking the bag of gold from his pocket, he showed the king the one hundred coins.

The king was so amused by the peasant's cunning and cleverness that he rewarded the man and made him rich and wealthy for the rest of his life.



GOOD ADVICE

The old teacher was far from happy. Of all his pupils, Rajan was his favourite. Yet, whilst all the other pupils had finished their studies with merit, he had to admit, Rajan was just not a good scholar.

When the pupils came to leave, the teacher beckoned Rajan. "I hardly know what to say to you Rajan," he said. "In some ways you are above the ordinary yet, I have failed to make you a good scholar.

Rajan who realised his own short-comings, looked a little downcast. "I am sorry, sir," he said. "But I do appreciate all the help and guidance you have given me."

"Never mind, my lad," the teacher said with a smile. "You will probably do well in the world. However, here are three

golden rules which you should follow. Firstly, if you keep on trying you will attain your objective. Secondly, if you ask sufficient questions, you will obtain the answer. And lastly, if you think twice before you act, you will not make foolish mistakes."

Armed with this advice, Rajan set out in the world to make his fortune. He decided that he would go to the city of Vedavati. It was a long, long journey and having very little money, Rajan had to rely on getting lifts from place to place. Eventually he arrived in Vedavati, and he thought to himself, that he had certainly taken heed of his teacher's first piece of advice for he had had to try very hard to reach the city of his dreams.

For days, Rajan wandered



round the city streets asking innumerable question, and very soon he knew quite a lot about the city and the people who lived there. That he thought was the result of his teacher's second piece of advice.

One morning, hearing the beating of a drum, he made his way to the city square, and there was the town-crier lustily announcing that the queen was offering her daughter's hand in marriage to any suitable young man. On the platform was a large portrait of the daughter, and she was certainly very beautiful.

Turning to one of the

bystanders Rajan remarked, "For such a beautiful girl, there are bound to be hundreds of suitors."

"O, no," replied the man. "There is a curse on such a marriage. The princess has been wedded three times already, and each time the poor bridegroom has died on the night of the marriage."

Rajan thought this was all very strange, but nothing ventured, nothing gained, so he decided he would ask for the princess's hand. Dressed in the best clothes he possessed, he presented himself at the palace, and was surprised to



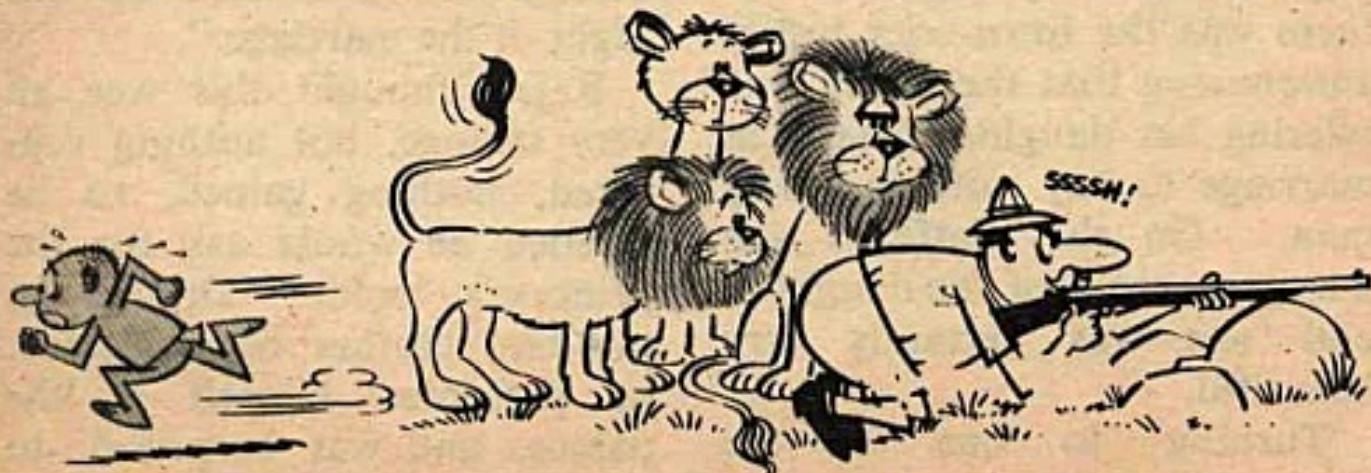
find he was greeted with open arms, and no time was lost in arranging the wedding.

On the night of the wedding, Rajan was shown to a sumptuous bed chamber. Remembering what had happened to the other bridegrooms, Rajan also recalled his teacher's third piece of advice to think twice before he did anything. Carefully examining the room for any hidden assailants, Rajan arranged cushions under the bed clothes so that it looked as though he was sleeping in the bed. Then hiding behind a

cupboard, Rajan prepared to wait and see what happened.

Around midnight Rajan heard a loud hissing and in the dim light he could see a huge cobra slithering across the floor to the bed. As soon as the reptile got on the bed, Rajan quietly left his hiding place and picking up his sword, killed the snake with one stroke.

The following morning everyone expressed grateful surprise that the bridegroom was still alive. And the happiest of all, was the princess.





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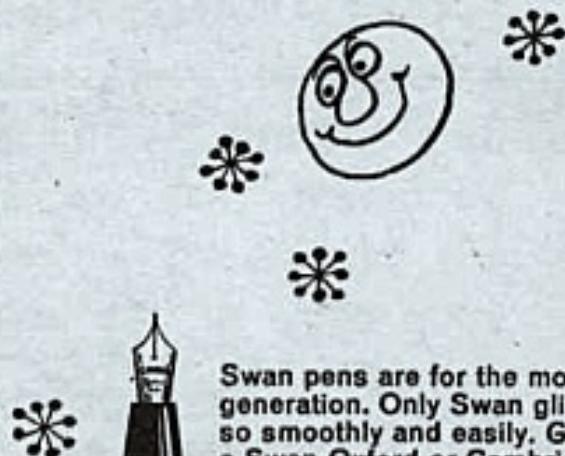
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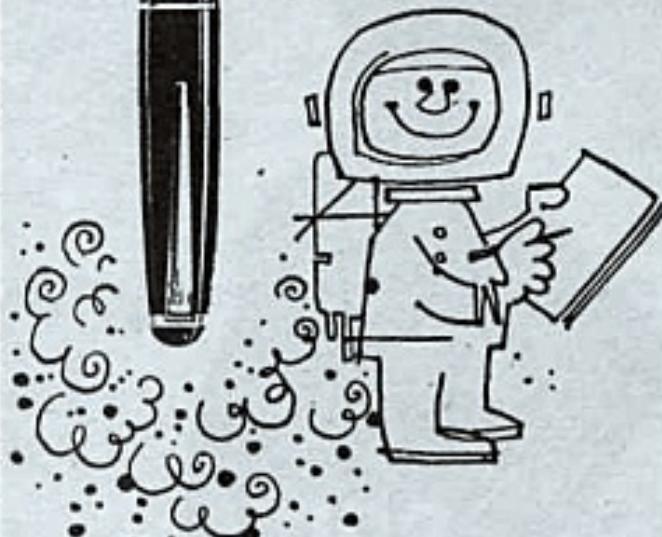
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